Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1837. VOL. VII. N · 8.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A long and interesting letter will be found in our columns to-day, from our Foreign Correspondent, upon the subject of BREEDING, etc. The arrival of the packet ship *Sheffield*, from Liverpool, brought us dates to the 19th of March; we have made such selections from our papers as the crowded state of our columns would admit, the report of the New Orleans Races, and the favors of our correspondents, having pre-occupied our room to such a degree that we are reluctantly compelled to omit everything in the shape of theatrical intelligence, as well as our usual *olla podrida* of editorial articles.

We have received from different sources the performances of *Ironette*, *Miss Medley*, *Black Heath*, and *Hickory John*. In two instances their characteristics are wanting, which must be supplied before we can publish them. It would also add materially to the interest of all the memoirs, if in the several races of the subjects of them, the horses they contended with were designated and placed, with the time, weights, etc. It is a most arduous task to make such a memoir perfect, as we flatter ourselves those were that we compiled of Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, etc., a few weeks since; but if worth doing at all, they are worth doing well; besides every additional fact adds increased value to the record, the "interest" of which will be "compound" in half a dozen years. Bear this in mind.

The imported horse *Flatterer* was sold last week in this city at a high figure, by Mr. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, N. Y.

Letters from correspondents in Georgia, Virginia, and Louisiana, relative to the purchase of Blooded Stock at the North, will be replied to to-morrow, if not sooner, through the Mail. Our time is so incessantly occupied, that we shall be compelled to give another reading to one of the Commandments, so that instead of "*resting* on the seventh day," we shall be obliged to substitute *writing letters*. Our first reading was "Six days shalt thou labor, and on the seventh *post thy books!*" but that was before we had thousands of subscribers, and when we were classed among "the wicked *fleas* that no man pursueth."

Poor Mrs HILSON, of the Park theatre, died suddenly on Sunday morning last, of scarlet fever, sincerely regretted by a wide circle of friends. We have merely room to-day to suggest the propriety of giving a benefit to the "sole daughter of her house and heart," an interesting little child of three years of age, who has been most generously adopted by Mr. SIMPSON. The friends of the parents of this orphan child comprise a large portion of the population of the city, and we are confident that the good feeling ever extended to them will not be withdrawn from their beautiful and intelligent child.

Several communications are on file, and a few in type, that are unavoidably crowded out. Here's three this morning, desiring us to ask the manager of the Park when AUGUSTA is to appear—another to know what we will do towards getting up a benefit for the pretty Misses TURNBULLS, to which last we reply—"all that may become a man."

We shall continue to publish such *Lists of Blood Stock* as gentlemen may furnish us, though they will not hereafter be in time for the forthcoming Stud Book at Washington. Nevertheless, we intend to make the *Spirit of the Times* the most authentic, and the most complete Stud Book and Racing Calendar in the country, one of these days, so look out, you gentlemen of the Monumental and Federal cities, or we shall be "into you like a 1000 of brick."

A *Pacing Race* comes off over the Harlaem Park Trotting Course next Tuesday, at 2 o'clock. Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Free for all pacing horses excepting *Oneida Chief*, and no "distance" in the race. What is uncle Johnny Armstrong at now?

One only, of the Trotting Sweepstakes opened by CONKLIN, for his Centreville Spring meeting, filled last Saturday, being No. 4, (see advertisement in last week's paper), which closed with the following subscribers:—

S. Cooper	nominated	Aaron Burr.
H. Jones	"	Little Joe.
C. Suydam	"	Forest Rose.
Wm. Wheelan	"	Lady of the Lake.
Peter Wheelan	"	Mountain Sylph.
Mr. Flynn	"	Cracker.

The Sweepstakes, No. 2, closes This Evening, at Randall Smith's Hotel, Park Row, at 9 o'clock, when a meeting of the owners of Trotting horses is expected to be convened, to devise measures to increase the attraction of the ensuing Spring meeting of the Centreville Trotting Club.

☞ **Advertisements for this paper MUST be sent in by 10 o'clock** on FRIDAY MORNING, to secure an insertion. The *Play Bills* of the BOWERY and NATIONAL Theatres, and other advertisements are necessarily omitted this week on this account, as our paper is printed in season to be forwarded by the Southern Mail of Friday, which closes at 3 o'clock.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS., during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*, with—A Letter from MR. FORREST, the American Tragedian—A Confidential Letter from the Girls Up Town, etc. etc.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting, Theatrical, and Miscellaneous Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 8, 1837, will be performed PAUL PRY, QUITE AT HOME, and VAMPIRE.

MONDAY, April 10—Last night but Three of Miss Tree's engagement.—THE WONDER and THE RANSOM.

TUESDAY, April 11—Last night but Two of Miss Tree's engagement.—AS YOU LIKE IT, and THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN.

WEDNESDAY, April 12—Last night but One of Miss Tree's engagement.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, PERFECTION, and CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

THURSDAY, April 13—Last night of Miss Tree's engagement.—ION, QUITE AT HOME, and MY HUSBAND'S GHOST.

FRIDAY, April 14—Miss Tree's Benefit.—THE BARRACK ROOM—Clarissa, Miss Tree; and other entertainments.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7½.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 8.—Last night of the successful drama of WALTER BRAND, or THE DUEL IN THE MIST. Last night of the burletta of TOM AND JERRY, both pieces being necessarily laid aside to produce other novelties.

MONDAY, April 10.—The tragedy of DOUGLAS. Young Norval, Mrs. Preston; Glenalvon, Mr. Judah; Lady Randolph, Miss Kerr.

After which, for the first time in this country—and now playing in London to crowded houses, the Grand Burlesque, Serio, Comico, Tragical, Tragedy Burletta, in one act, of

DOUGLAS TRAVESTIE.

YOUNG NORVAL	Mr. J. Sefton.
GLENALVON	J. M. Brown.
LORD RANDOLPH	Mr. Jefferson.
LADY RANDOLPH	Mrs. Kent.
ANNA	Miss Kerr.

To conclude with a Comic Ballet Pantomime, got up under the direction of Mr. Walbourn, in which Mr. Walbourn, Davis, Taylor, Parsloe, and Miss Kerr, will appear, and the Corps De Ballet.

In rehearsal, a Grand Comic Pantomime, with new Scenery, &c.

Also, the New Drama now playing with uncommon success in London by T. RICE, Esq., entitled JIM CROW'S FLIGHT IN AMERICA, with new Scenery and all the original music.

DORSEY STAKES, &c.—A rainy day has given me an opportunity to look at the Dorsey Stakes over the Central Course, Baltimore, this Spring. It must be a race well worth seeing—better worth the winning. Of sixty-two entries, forty-eight are got by American stallions, and fourteen by English stallions, as follows:—

	Colts.		Colts.		Colts.
Sir Charles	9	Busiris	1	Velocity	1
Eclipse	4	Bertrand	1	Zinganee	1—48
Gohanna	4	Eclipse Lightfoot	1		
Andrew	3	Forester	1	Luzborough	6
Private	3	Gray Beard	1	Apparition	2
Timoleon	3	Henry	1	Barefoot	2
Dashall	2	Lance	1	Fylde	1
Maryland Eclipse	2	Mercury	1	Hedgeford	1
John Richards	2	Mason's Ratler	1	St. Nicholas	1
Medley	2	Nullifier	1	Velocipede	1—14
Black Warrior	1	Sussex	1		—
				Total	62

Turf Register.

Henry Co., Ky., March 8, 1837.

Mr. Editor,—Yesterday the citizens of this county met for the purpose of organizing a Jockey Club, and Stephen T. Drane being called to the chair, the following officers were duly elected, to wit:

JOHN MILES, *President.*
JOSEPH POLLARD, *Vice President.*
ORVIL FORD, *Sec'y and Treasurer.*

The course is precisely one mile in length, it is of an oblong form, and on first rate ground. The rules of the Central course govern this course. This Club is to be styled the Mobly Jockey Club. The purses will be respectable, and good order observed. The proprietor will leave nothing on his part undone to afford rare sport and general satisfaction to those that attend the races.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Turf Register.

LATE ENGLISH NEWS, (By the Sheffield.)

STATE OF THE ODDS, MARCH 9.—The speculations of the Derby during the last eight or ten days have not presented any new feature, the horses backed having been few in number, and the alterations of very slight importance. The two favorites were not in any force on Monday, but on Thursday two or three parties offered to take 8 to 1 about Jereed; half a point above the highest bid against him; 900 to 100 was betted against the other; the outside offer at the close being 8 to 1. Phantasima, Wintonian, Dardanelles, Caravan, and Troilus were barely mentioned on Monday, and the only bet outright about them on Thursday that came under our notice, was one of 25 to 1 against Dardanelles, a decline which received confirmation from subsequent offers of the same odds. Mahometan still finds favor with his old friends, and has taken higher ground; his party, however, is not very extensive. Mango is in demand at 18 to 1, but no betters above 17. Brother to Elis and Misfortune are disqualified from starting by the death of their owner and nominator, the Hon. Lumley Saville, and all bets become void, except those in which they may stand coupled with others. A new favorite from Mr. W. Edwards's stable, viz., a colt out of Bequest, was added to the outside division on Monday; something like a hundred pounds having been laid out upon him at odds, commencing, we believe, at 60 or 70, and finishing at 50 to 14. It will be seen that Venison is still quoted as first favorite for the Portland Handicap; it should be observed, however, that although stated to be at 6 to 1, no one offers to back him, that the price is purely nominal; and Hock, in reality, is the favorite. A few bets have been made on the race, but the transactions on it, generally, possess very little interest.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH JOCKEY CLUB, 1837.

HIS MAJESTY—PATRON.

Earl of Albermarle
Colonel Anson
Sir David Baird, Bart.
S Batson, Esq.
Lord G. Bentinck
Hon. G. Byng
H. Biggs, Esq.
Duke of Beaufort
Earl of Clarendon
Duke of Cleveland
Earl of Chesterfield
T. Cosby, Esq.
Marquis of Conyngham
Duke of Dorset
J. Douglas, Esq.
Earl of Egremont
R. C. Elwes, Esq.
Marquis of Exeter
Lord John Fitzroy
Duke of Grafton
C. C. Greville, Esq.
General Grosvenor
A. Goddard, Esq.
Sir S. Graham
Marquis of Hertford
T. Houldsworth, Esq.
J. Hunter, Esq.
W. Hallett, Esq.
W. H. Irby, Esq.
Earl of Jersey
Duke of Leeds
Lord Lowther
Earl of Lichfield
Lord C. Manners
J. Mills, Esq.
Duke of Montrose
Earl of Mulgrave
Earl of Orford
John Payne, Esq.
G. Payne, Esq.
Colonel Peel
Hon. E. Petre
Duke of Portland
Lord W. Powlett
Duke of Richmond
Hon. Capt. H. Rous
G. Rush, Esq.
Duke of Rutland
W. A. Roberts, Esq.
Sir John Shelley
Lord Southampton
S. Stanley, Esq.
W. S. Stonehewer, Esq.
Earl of Stradbroke
Colonel Synge
M. Stanley, Esq.
J. Spalding, Esq.
Lord Suffield
T. Thornhill, Esq.
Marquis of Tavistock
J. R. Udny, Esq.
Earl of Uxbridge
H. Vansittart, Esq.
Earl of Verulam
Lord Villiers
H. S. Waddington, Esq.
Lord Wharncliffe
C. Wilson, Esq.
Earl of Wilton
Sir Mark Wood
Marquis of Westminster

Bell's Life in London.

Mr. Bower's *Lord Stafford* has arrived at Roger's stables at Newmarket. Mr. Forth's lot, viz., Louisa, Famine, Lucifer, and colt by Emilius, out of Grisette, passed through town on Friday, and will reach the same place this day.

It is reported that Lord Stradbroke has sold *Caravan* to the Earl of Suffield.

The Queen of Trumps is at the Hampton Court stud, and will be put to The Colonel.

The death of the Hon. Lumley Savile took place on Monday last at Tickhill Castle, to the great regret of an extensive circle of relations and friends, and the sporting world. As he was the owner of Brother to Elis, the sad event will prevent that horse from fulfilling his engagement for the Derby.

TROTTING CHALLENGE.—Mr. Stacey, of Hook, near Kingston, has a horse in his possession which he is ready to trot three miles out of harness against any horse, mare, or gelding in England, for one hundred guineas.

The winner of the trotting match on Monday last on the new Finchley road, will trot Mr. Redmond's pony, Milkmaid, for a sovereign a mile, either in or out of harness, as far as he chooses. The money will be ready at the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood, any time that may be appointed.

The paragraph inserted in "The Globe" of last week, stating that a mare belonging to Mr. Dixon, of Knightsbridge, had trotted 120 miles within 10 hours, turns out, as we anticipated, to be destitute of truth, no such match having been performed.

NOVEL MATCH.—A match has been made between Townsend and a man to be produced by Frank Redmond, to pick up 300 stones one yard apart, and place them in a basket at one end of the distance, Townsend to pick them up with his mouth, and Redmond's man with his hand, and on each delivery to approach within a yard of the basket. The distance which will be run in this task by each man will be above 51 miles. The match is for £200 a-side, and is to come off in May.

Mr. Rush's Derby colt, out of Romp, is training at Epsom with Roadster.

The Duke of Cleveland's mare, Matilda, (dam of Hemlade Jordan, &c.) dropped a filly foal to Physician, at Middlethorpe, near York, yesterday week, where she had been sent to Voltaire.

Lord Eglinton's mare, Spœwife, dropped a colt foal to Physician, on Wednesday last, at Mr. Fishby's stables, York, where she had been sent to be put to Muley Molock.

On Monday, at Hyde Park, Sheffield, a pigeon match, for 40*l.* at 15 birds, took place between Mr. Beardshaw, of Shingreen, and Mr. Sefton, of Attercliffe. Mr. Sefton killed 14, but one fell out of bounds, and he beat his opponent by one bird.

Mr. Osbaldiston's Horses passed through Doncaster on the 20th ult., all looking remarkably well. A correspondent says, "Mahometan is one of the finest horses I ever saw; stands 15 3½ hands, with good legs and feet, and excellent racing-like points. Pocket Hercules is but a pony alongside of him, and I should say has no chance for the Derby."

Poisoning Horses.—We are sorry to record a most infamous outrage on the property of Mr. Elliston, of the Wood-foot. Some miscreants administered poison to several of his valuable horses, two of which died on on the 20th ult.—Great exertions are using to discover the wretches, to whom there exists a clue.

The brood mare, *Silvertail*, the property of Christopher Wilson, Esq., dropped a fine colt foal, by Mulatto, on Monday last, at Mr. Kirkby's Paddocks, York, where she is to be put to Muley Moloch.

A match has been made between Mr. Robson's ch. h. *Midas*, aged, 12st., and Mr. Wm. Taylor's h. *Redshank*, 4 yrs., 11st., four miles across the Brocklesby Hunt country, for 200*l.* each, h. ft.; to be run on Tuesday, the 28th of March. Betting: 6 to 4 on Midas.

Covent Garden.—The timidity of Osbaldiston has suggested a step, which will soon be in all probability taken. Resolved not to lose what he has gained, and discovering that since the reduction of prices at Drury-Lane, even the revival of worn out Surrey affairs will not draw, he has avowed his determination to get rid of the theatre, as soon as he can find any one willing to take his engagements off his hands; and most certainly, as he has proved that he has not sufficient enterprise to enter into the spirit of fair competition, we cannot but think, that the sooner he quits Covent-Garden, the better. While he could fill his house by producing nothing, it was all very well; but now he finds that the production of novelty is essential to attraction, he most sapiently gives the thing up as a bitter bad job. Willis Jones has been named as his probable successor.

Rice, the veritable "Jim Crow," if the bills are to be relied on, has jumped his final jump, and "wheeled about" for the last time in London for a season. His engagement, which terminated with the past week, must have been a profitable one for the manager; and it certainly proved far more attractive than we anticipated. Yates, with a perseverance worthy a somewhat better cause, persisted in forcing the celebrated nigger on the town, until the enlightened public in spite of (what it would be too flattering to call) their better judgment, acquired a furious relish for his oddities. There is no denying the truth of Mr. Rice's portrait—we only dislike it—that is all. How can the manager possibly supply the place of this elegant creature?

DRESS, DANDIES, FASHIONS, &c.

Dandies and fops have always been ephemeral productions, and the former are now extinct, or sobered down into gentlemanly, well-dressed men. Within the last ten years we have had some stars of considerable lustre in each department, but few survive the trial of three summers. Mr. Ball Hughes Ball, *alias* "Golden Ball," as he was called, may be mentioned first, for his taste in dress, appointments and equipages. The papers rang with his doings, and he succeeded to the seat of fame then lately vacated by the "fortunate youth." Mr. Ball was a man of exceedingly good taste, and in whatever he did, he never lost sight of the appearance and character of a gentleman. Coaching was the rage of the day; and those who saw his well built, dark chocolate, colored coach, with the four white horses, and two neat grooms in liveries behind, saw that it was possible for a gentleman to drive four-in-hand without adopting the dress and manners of a stage-coachman. Mr. Ball was a beautiful dresser; his colors were quiet—chiefly black and white; and he was the only man we ever saw that could carry off a white waistcoat in the morning. He was the introducer of the large black-fronted cravats, which helped to set off his otherwise difficult attire. It is said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet. Mr. Ball was an exception to the rule, for we heard of his valet declaring publicly at a *table d'hote* on the continent, that he was the handsomest man in the place, *except his master*. Mr. Ball has resided for some years in Paris.

Mr. Hayne was a contemporary of Ball Hughes, though immeasurably below him in point of taste. He entered life with all the advantages that fortune could bestow, and, for a time, shared the polite attention of the newspapers. He is now remembered as the owner of a dressing-case that cost £1500, and the wearer of a pea-green coat in the spring of 1825, which he threatened to wear brown before the autumn of that year. This gentleman, we believe, resides at Brussels.

Mr. Long Wellesley is also a man of excellent taste, though he rides in kid gloves, which Brummel used to say a man should be scouted for doing. He was one of the first of the "turnedback-wristband" gentry, and was rather in the Ball school, substituting ~~a blue frock for a black~~. His taste in equipages is quite unexceptionable. Mr. Wellesley is also abroad.

Mr. Bailey was a dandy of the butterfly order; he was a patron of bright colors—light-blue coats, colored silk cravats, fancy waistcoats—and was a warm supporter of nankeen trousers. To have seen him cantering up and down Rotten-row on a summer's evening, on his well-groomed black, perfuming the air as he fanned the flies from the noble creature with the well-scented cambric handkerchief, and to observe his gauze silk stockings, thin pumps, and silver buckles; or to have seen him lounging with folded arms against the door of the crush-room at the opera, his hair hanging in ringlets over his ears, with a waistcoat of pink or blue satin, embroidered with silver or gold, and all his apparel of the finest, gaudiest, and most expensive texture, a stranger would have set him down as the impersonation of a puppy, and yet he would have been wrong, for Mr. Bailey was a fine, manly fellow, and thrashed all the watchmen in Bond-street, single-handed, one night. Still, he was by far the gayest dandy that has been about London for years; and, when he had reached the end of his tether, and the day of reckoning arrived, the tailor's bill for cashmere trousers, and the mercer's for French cambric shirts, excited the astonishment of the humble-minded jurymen who sat in judgment on the charges. The last time we saw him he was vegetating on the beach at Ostend.

Count D'Orsay has long been raised to the presidency of Fashion's court, by general acclamation. He is a beau of established reputation, having arrived in this country with credentials from half the courts in Europe. We remember him in Paris, the star of the opera, with his blooming bride, on their first arrival from Naples. If we recollect right, he used to wear a full dress suit of rich black velvet, and his equipages and grey horses were at one time the envy and the admiration of the Parisians.

We should be doing this great master of the art an injustice were we to class him as the follower of any school. His changes are so rapid, so numerous, and so complete, that he may be said to be "all schools, but blindly wind to none." Still, were we to name any particularising feature, we should say his was the "showing" school. Whether he wears the tight white buckskins, and patent leather Hessian boots, or the more unassuming trousers, there is always an abundant display of the limb that excited the admiration of Mr. "Penciller Willis." We cannot say that we admire the cut of his coats, which are too broad and fan-tailed for our taste. Count Charles de Mornay, who reigned before Count D'Orsay, essayed to bring them into fashion some few years ago, but gained few followers; and we trust that the latter may not be more successful. Still Count D'Orsay is always beautifully dressed, though his versatility of talent in this line will prevent his leading a fashion, because no one can possibly follow him. We see what he has on to-day, but there is no saying what he may wear on the morrow; so his followers

> "Like the hindmost chariot-wheel are curst,
> Still to be near, but never to be first."

Lords Ranelagh, Chesterfield, and Castlereagh have each figured on the town, and each tired of the trouble of being very smart. Lord Poltimore has excellent taste, both in dress and equipage. Lord Albert Conyngham is a well-dressed man, so is his brother, the Marquis; and Mr. Sutton promises well. Mr. Reynolds, commonly called beau Reynolds, has as much taste in dress as anybody; and his clothes fit better than most people's. He has all the advantage of height and figure that Bailey possessed, with a sober taste in his colors. Mr. Charles Jones, brother of the Welsh baronet of that name, is what is regularly called "well put on."

Mr. Duncombe, M. P. for Finsbury, is one of the best-dressed men of the day. He selects and matches his colors admirably; there is a subdued richness about every thing he puts on; all harmonize and are in good keeping. His quondam friend, Lord Edward Thynne, is (or was) extremely correct in his costume; and Mr. Horace Claggett has long been celebrated for his taste in dress, horses, &c. &c.

Lord Jersey is at the head of the sporting school of dressers, and has always a host of imitators. He is regarded as an authority in all matters relating to dress or appointments; and the Jersey hat and Jersey spur are in equal repute. We believe he introduced the tight-kneed order of trousers. The Duke of Leeds is a very well-dressed man; so is the Duke of Dorset, though of the old top-boot school. Colonel Lea and Sir Charles Knightley are equally neat and firm in their support of that costume; nor must we omit to mention "old John Warde," the father of fox-hunters, who, like Roger de Coverley with his doublet, has worn leathers and boots till they have been in and out of fashion over and over again, and is the last man we know that sports ruffles instead of wristbands. There used to be a breed of swells in the city, great, fat, bluff, tight-dressed fellows; but we think they are all off the *pave* at present.

Looking at the great change that has taken place, it must, we think, be admitted, that if we have gained in comfort and economy, we have lost in point of beauty, dignity, and elegance of costume. Moreover, the confusion of classes, occasioned by the removal of the lines of demarcation in society that dress afforded, is productive of anything but convenience, or the maintenance of aristocratic pretension. Formerly a gentleman was known by his clothes, indeed, by the sumptuary laws, his income was almost defined by his dress; now, the only difference between a gentleman and his valet is, that the valet is frequently the better dressed man of the two. Instead of its being necessary for a man to dress in accordance with his station, a new rule has been introduced, which says, that "when a man's character is established, he may wear an old coat." The meeting of the two gentlemen in the theatre is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with "Pray are you the box-keeper?"—"No," replied the other: "are you?"

At the present day, when every man dresses according to his fancy, it is difficult to say what is the fashion; and the silk collars we have lately seen substituted for velvet, the bits of silk that appear on the fronts of the coats, the cut of the cuffs, and the turn of the waistcoat collar, &c., all bespeak the shifts tailors are put to to devise something to make people get new clothes before their old ones are worn o[illegible].

[illegible]razer's Magazine.

THE WIDOWER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Were I, Daffodil, to announce my intention of writing the memoirs of my bachelor days, the reading public would be on the tiptoe of expectation, eager to trace the flirtations of *un joli Garcon;* while half the pretty women would be on their exquisite marrowbones, entreating to be omitted in the long list of my conquests. But I am no traitor to the fair, or, as it is very justly called, the weaker sex. True it is that I *have* detailed the happy hours of my unmarried life, not in black and white, but on pink paper with blue ink; but the manuscript is carefully folded, sealed, and tied with white satin riband, and it is not to be made public for a century at least.

I therefore skip my many "hair breadth 'scapes," and proceed at once to the day when I so far committed myself as to stand irrevocably on the brink of matrimony.

My chosen was not so pretty as I could have wished, being tall, thin, and angular; nor did she turn out so amiable as I had thought her, being vain, opiniative, and dictatorial. But, at the period of which I speak, everything was *couleur de rose,* so much so, indeed, that I never detected she was a *blue.*

We married; and, as *my* wedding-day was one of weeping to many fair damsels, who shall at present be nameless, I, of course, anticipated perpetual smiles and sunshine on the part of Mrs. Daffodil; but Mrs. D.'s serenity only lasted just so long as she was the one person thought of, looked at, and attended to in society; and, not being exactly the fairest of the fair, nor the brightest of the bright, there were moments when others, and when, it must be owned, I myself, ventured to praise other beauties, and to listen to the silver accents of other lips. Then it was that Rebecca Daffodil would boil with indignation, and talk *at* others, and praise herself, until I began to wish that some more deserving individual had properly appreciated her, and snatched her from the offer which I had rather precipitately made.

As is the custom in all civilized societies, her portrait was to be painted, and *nominally* presented to her husband—that is to say, *I* was to pay for it, and then I was to see less of it than anybody else; for it was to be sent to the Exhibition, and then to be hung up, not in my own room, for nobody would have seen it there, but in the drawing-room. I pitied the poor artist from my very soul. He began, and indeed, very nearly finished, a very admirable likeness; but, in an unlucky hour, he permitted Rebecca to peep at his performance. I never shall forget her that day as long as I live.

"Have you seen my portrait, love?" said she to me at dinner.

"Yes, dear."

"And what do you think of it?" cried she.

"Admirable! I never saw a better likeness."

"You are jesting!"

"No, indeed," I replied. "As I said to Mr. Tintums, it really was like looking at *yourself.*"

"He told me you said so; but I could not believe it until I heard it from your own lips. Why, I showed it to fifteen highly talented people this very day, and they said it was abominable."

"Having first been told by you that you did not relish its being thought like."

"Nonsense, sir. Look at the lines; it makes me forty, at least!"

"Well, Becky dear, but you know you are thirty-sev——"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Daffodil. I am aware that I married an old bachelor of fifty; but——"

"Hem!—to the point, my dear, your picture."

"Well, it's condemned. St. Aubyn said to-day that he could not blame Mr. Tintums, for that *I* ought to be painted in rainbow tints."

"Oh! ah!—that accounts for it."

"And though raven hair and dark eyes may be painted, it is *not* easy to give the hyacinthine gloss to the one, nor the emanation of the poetic mind to the other."

"Yes, yes; I see."

"In fact, it is *not* possible to give to *my* portrait the delicacy and beauty of the original."

"Clearly money thrown away, then," said I.

"Still, you know," added my wife, "that bright circle, of which I am the brilliant centre, expect to see me on canvass, and the attempt must be made."

"It has been made."

"He must try it again. Had my poor mother been alive, this *might* have passed for *her.*"

I said no more; and Rebecca, like an old hen, went on sitting and sitting, until an oval production was exhibited to the public, as like her as it was like me. An oval frame was then procured, and the picture was suspended. I suspended my judgment, because, thinking it was young an beautiful, I could not conscientiously say it resembled Becky; but my wife's literary friends all found out some defect—some eye, nose, mouth, or chin, not good enough for the corresponding feature in her face; and lovely as they all declared it to be, they unanimously said or insinuated that it was less lovely than the original.

In the spring of 1820, Becky and I agreed to travel. It is a sad thing for a bright circle when its brilliant centre talks of going away; and many were the lamentations uttered by the hangers-on who radiated round my wife. I was, however, thoroughly sick of them; and finding that I had set my heart on an excursion, and moreover, rather wishing to see something of the world herself, the amiable woman yielded to my solicitations, and our final arrangements were made.

We had resolved to visit Guernsey and Jersey, and then to proceed to St. Malo, or some other port on the coast of France. We embarked in a large and commodious steam packet, having engaged a small private cabin; and away we went from the Tower-stairs, full of eager hopes and anticipations, as long as we were in calm water in the river; but all qualms and wretchedness as soon as the motion of the vessel indicated that we were off the North Foreland. We paddled on, however, whether we liked it or not, and got within sight of Dover, when contrary winds and gales, that terrified even our captain, obliged us to put back and anchor in the Downs. Oh, the misery of the days that we spent, rocking and rolling, and pitching to and fro, without advancing one inch on our voyage! I was very ill myself, and as for Becky, I really thought she would have died; but she did'nt, at least *not then.* Our cabin was a mere cell, and the misery of it, during the period that we were *anchor*-ites, is not to be described. But somehow poor Becky and I never agreed so well in our lives! Being both sea-sick to a most humiliating extent, we were connected by a reciprocity of feeling that had never existed before. In the pauses of our indisposition we looked wistfully at one another, and sympathy was kindled in our bosoms.

Besides, there is nothing like habit; it reconciles us to anything and anybody; and, wretched as I was in the little cupboard where we were immured, I felt that I should have been more wretched had I been deprived of the society of my wife and her little dog Snap. Snap was as sea-sick as ourselves; and never shall I forget Becky's anger when a rough sailor said, "How your *dog* be *catting,* marm!" I think there *was* a contradiction in the phrase. It is truly said, that "after a storm comes a calm," and so it did; but then again, after the calm came another storm; and so it went on, and we were blown hither and thither, until our paddles were broken, our coals exhausted, and our provisions as low as our spirits. Not that I and Becky cared about provisions, but the crew did; and whilst the captain and the mate walked the deck and consulted what was best to be done, I and *my* mate watched them in silence, like unhappy criminals expecting every moment to hear sentence of death pronounced upon them.

Our vessel had been christened THE DUCK; but so battered and forlorn was her condition, that I could not help asking myself the old question, "*Can a duck swim?*" I confess I began to have my misgivings.

"The sea was rough, the clouds were dark," and our captain evidently did not know exactly where we were;—by no means a cheering situation; but, worn out with watching, weariness, and want of food, Becky and I undressed ourselves and retired to our very little bed, which was spread upon a sort of shelf in our cabin. I am morally convinced it never could have been intended to accommodate *two,* but in such an hour we were not to be separated, and we both soon fell asleep.

All of a sudden the ship struck upon something with a concussion so violent, that I who had placed myself on the outer extremity of the shelf, was thrown out of bed upon the floor of the cabin. Becky, I believe slept on—I cannot say positively; I am not sure; for in the hurry of the moment, without thinking of her, poor thing! I snatched with my right hand a box containing all my valuables, and, seizing my small-clothes with my left, I rushed upon deck in a state of nudity and anxiety, to see what was the matter; and I found that our vessel, The Duck, had run foul of another vessel, and was filling fast, and going to the bottom.

The two vessels became entangled for a minute or two, and it was just possible to step from the smaller one into the bigger and the safer. I instantly took the step, and found myself standing on the deck of a strange vessel, surrounded by gentlemen and ladies I had never seen before; and I just as I had left my pillow, with my box in one hand and my small-clothes in the other. I rushed to a secluded corner to put on the latter, and then paid my respects to the captain, politely requesting him to accommodate Mrs. Daffodil as well as myself.

It was a dreadful moment for a husband! There *are* tragedies in real life too painful to be detailed in a narrative, too heart-rending to be represented on the stage; such was mine. The captain congratulated me on my own escape; but as for my beloved wife, and The Duck that bore her, of which in the darkness he had obtained but a glimpse, it appeared to be the general opinion that she was a wreck and gone to the bottom.

What a horrid phrase for a husband to hear! I believe I fainted, and continued for many hours in a state of insensibility. The next day I went on deck, and eagerly looked around for The Duck, nay, for a fragment of that vessel, a hen-coop with Becky astride upon it, waving her night-cap to attract attention; but no, I saw nothing but what people call the waste of waters illuminated by the rising sun.

I was yielding sadly to the combined effects of grief and sea-sickness, when it occurred to me to inquire in what ship I was sailing, and whither we were going. The ship was the Hope, bound for the East Indies! The East Indies! Impossible! I assured Captain Higgins that I could not think of accompanying him, but he smiled, and inquired whether a voyage with him was not preferable to being drowned.

I will not dwell on my sensations and sufferings; for months I walked the deck, looking on Becky's winding sheet, a *sheet of water!* or peeping over the side of the vessel into the depths below, at the horrible water-wagtails which had perhaps devoured her.

It was so awkward to be made extemporaneously a widower; no funeral, no tombstone, no *body* buried anywhere! For as to what people call "a watery grave," it amounts, to my thinking, to no grave at all; and then the sea has such an awkward way of *throwing it up again;* one can never feel quite sure. Poor Becky, I pictured her to myself; no coffin, and not a rag of shroud, stretched upon an oyster bed, where at least there was no want of a *shell.* All this was very shocking; she was, as one of the sailors unfeelingly observed in my hearing, "food for fishes;" and it was a very long time before I could reconcile myself to the flavor of soles and turbot. I even loathed lobsters,—I who used to be so partial to them.

Another thing that vexed me was the impossibility of paying proper respect to the defunct, and wearing mourning. Becky had all the *weeds* to herself, (sea weeds, alas!) and I walked about in a borrowed blue jacket and duck trowsers; my only mourning for The Duck and her precious passenger! My voyage continued to be unprosperous: what could be expected after such a beginning? and it was two months beyond the usual time allotted for a voyage, that I landed at Madras. Oh! that landing! shall I ever forget it! in such a boat, and amid such a surf; every moment I expected to be re-united to my Becky; but my better angel presided, and I was snatched from the danger that impended.

I am not going to dwell upon the events which occurred in the East, nor my motives for remaining there much longer than I intended. I was now a single man; no ties united me to my native country; I amused myself very agreeably, and two years had elapsed before I revisited the land of my fathers.

My voyage home was pleasant enough. There was a nice old lady on board, and a dear, dark, interesting girl, her daughter. We became intimate; and suffice it to say, that when we landed, I was *all but* "a happy man."

We went to the same hotel, and the very next night before I had communicated with my man of business, or made known my arrival to my friends, I accompanied my fair companions to Drury-lane Theatre, where a young lady was to make her first appearance as Belvidera. We occupied a private box, and, engrossed by the interest of the scene, and with my right hand locked in that of the beautiful Anna Maria, I gave myself up to enjoyment, and almost forgot that there was any one else in the house except our three selves. Towards the end of the fifth act, however, there resounded a shrill scream from an opposite box, and raising my eyes, I saw—*was* it possible—no, it could not be—yet it was—it *was* Becky, gazing wildly at me, and resting on the shoulder of an exceedingly tall, dark-whiskered gentleman. I screamed, too, and then Becky screamed again, and the *debutante* on the stage, encouraged by her apparent success, screamed also; falling on her knees, and scratching away at the boards with her nails, to dig up Jaffier. But without any digging on my part, and without the aid of any scratch (unless it was the *old one,*) there stood Becky alive before me; and to end so horrible an uncertainty, I ran round the house and entered her private box.

It *was* Becky, and by her side was the Irish gentleman, Captain O'Diddle, of Killballycurmudgeon Castle, in the county Clare, who was to be united to my wealthy *widow* on the following Monday. I was sorry for him, very sorry; and for myself, *more* sorry; and for Anna Maria, and her mother, and Becky too; it was unpleasant for all parties. However, my late wife and I were soon established in our old residence; and she once more became the brilliant centre of a bright circle. The Duck, though very much damaged, had kept afloat until her crew and passengers were rescued by a steamer on her way to Dublin. Becky, supposing I had fallen overboard, mourned a decent time in that capital; and then went to Killarney and the Giant's Causeway, and other celebrated places in the Emerald Isle, and made the acquaintance of Captain O'Diddle. She never recovered the shock, (*which* shock it was impossible for me to say, my *loss,* or my sudden re-appearance). At the end of two years she grew nervous; and, having no particular complaint, she employed a new popular doctor, who cured every imaginable disease after a fashion of his own.

Mrs. Daffodil died; I never felt so awkward in my life; I had gone through all the grief which was to be expected on such an occasion already, and could not do it all over again; besides, months ago, I had made up my mind to her loss. I, however, went into the deepest mourning (for that was still *due* to her) and I attended the funeral, so that now there can be no mistake, and I am justified in positively stating that the remains of Mrs. Daffodil are deposited in the —— churchyard, beneath a very handsome, large, and weighty monument, which has been erected to her memory by her disconsolate husband.

Anna Maria is still single; and as she is at present residing with her mother in the Isle of Wight, I am meditating an excursion to that lovely spot, and may probably hereafter communicate to the public the result of our meeting.

Colburn's London New Monthly Magazine and Humorist for Feb. 1837.

THE BLUE KNIGHT.

A CONCENTRATED ROMANCE.—BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAP. I.—AN ARRIVAL.

On the summit of the loftiest tower of the castle of Altenberg gaily flaunted in the evening breeze the flag of the redoubtable and right valiant Baron Ulric. His only daughter, the incomparably beautiful Elvina, was the sole object of his love and fear; her filial tenderness was the cause of the first, her wit and beauty of the latter; for, as the fairest flowers attract the bees, and the dazzling flame the moth, so did he dread lest some adventurous and unworthy knight might be attracted by the charms, and win the affections of his child. The Baroness of his early love had long since yielded to the arms of death, and the barrenness of his domains was alone left for his enjoyment. Secluded from the world, the Baron trusted that his daughter would remain unscathed by the random arrows of love, until he could select some stalwart knight of wealth and valor on whom he should be proud to bestow her hand.

Compelled to take the field to repel the invasion of an enemy of one of his distant allies, he left the castle of Altenberg in the care and custody of his warder, and two or three vassals.

The moon had just risen, and the inmates of the castle retired for the night, when a Knight, attended by his faithful esquire, approached the borders of the castle-moat.

"Seest thou that moat?" inquired the Knight.

"Ay, truly, your Worship," replied the esquire, "for do not the wise ones say that we sooner see the *mote* in our neighbor's eye than the beam in our own?"

"We must crave a lodging there, Grummel," continued the Knight; "blow me yonder horn."

"With what breath I have," said Grummel; "for I'm blown myself, as well as the steeds, with our long journey."

The horn was sounded, and the warder appeared at the wicket.

"In the name of St. Grimbald," cried Grummel, "give shelter to the valiant Knight, Sir Wilhelm of Dusseldorf and his trusty esquire."

"The Baron Altenberg is abroad," said the warder, in an excusatory tone.

"And so are we," replied Grummel; "for we have lost our way."

"Tarry awhile," answered the warder, after a moment's consideration, and, closing the wicket, departed.

"A discourteous knave," grumbled Grummel, "keeping us here like a couple of dogs."

"How, sirrah?"

"Why, did he not bid us tarry here; and therefore are we not in better condition than a couple of *tarriers!*"

"We cannot bite, therefore bark not," answered the Knight.

The warder again made his appearance; the drawbridge was lowered, and the Knight and his esquire crossed the moat.

"The Lady Elvina welcomes the stranger Knight to her father's castle," said the warder, obligingly.

"I kiss her hands," replied the Knight, "and thank her for her courtesy."

Anon they were ushered into a spacious hall; and while they unarmed, the board was spread with substantial fare for their refection.

"I am anxious to pay my respects to the lady," said the Knight.

"And I to the *fare,*" replied Grummel, vigorously attacking a boar's head.

"She is not visible, Sir Knight," said the warder.

"Then it's impossible we can see her," said Grummel, falling to. "She is doubtless a *morning* star, your Worship?"

"What then?"

"Why, then, your Worship, the *Knight* cannot expect her presence."

CHAP. II.—AN ENGAGEMENT, BOTH IN LOVE AND WAR.

At an early hour the following morning, Grummel having dressed his master in a superb blue velvet doublet and suit, proceeded to the kitchen to dress his breakfast. Sir Wilhelm, meanwhile, descended to the castle garden, where he encountered the blushing Elvina.

After the due acknowledgment of her hospitality, the Knight, who was, of course, deeply enamored at the first glance by her transcendant charms, began to make a little love on his own account. The innocent Elvina listened with pleasure to the silver music of his sweet discourse and courtly compliments, for he had been to court, and now had come to court again. And in a few minutes after the fashion of those romantic times, she surrendered the fortress of her affections. She did not indeed "tell her love," but referred him to her father with such an expressive blush, as gave him confidence. At this pleasant juncture, the old warder rushed breathlessly into the garden, and interrupted their placid felicity, by hurriedly informing them that a petty Baron, with whom his lord was at feud, had just appeared before the castle with a force one hundred and fifty strong, and demanded the immediate surrender, threatening to put the whole garrison to the sword if they resisted.

"O! Sir Knight," exclaimed he, "repay our hospitality by thy succor and counsel in this extremity. What's to be done?"

"Arm instantly, and let us defend the castle to the death," replied the brave Sir Wilhelm. "Lady, retire to thy chamber; put up thy prayer for our success, and Heaven and St. Grimbald help us."

Hastily quitting Elvina, he retired to arm. Grummel was still in the kitchen, preparing his morning repast.

"Away with these rashers!" exclaimed the esquire, on hearing the news, "there is a less savory *broil* preparing for us by the enemy. We are in a pickle, 'tis true; but small as we are, as the capsicums said to the cauliflower, they shall find us hot withal, and not at all to their palate."

"If they ford the moat, and scale the walls, we are lost," said one of the three vassals.

"Tut, man," exclaimed Grummel, who was an old soldier, and knew all the resources of war, "fill the kettles presently with pitch, and hand me the ladles, and long ere they reach the parapet, I'll—*pitch* 'em over."

"There's the horn again," cried the warder, "summoning us to surrender."

"What o' that?" said Grummel, encouragingly; "we're not *veal* to be spoiled by their *blowing.* Pluck up thy courage, my boys, and lend me a bow,—an I do not put a cloth-yard shaft into the varlet, and pin him like a cockchafer to the gate, I'm a ninny!"

While he kept talking in this strain, he armed himself and his master.

The "garrison" was soon in battle array. Grummel now proceeded to his post with two of the vassals, and proved his skill and strength by executing his vaunt, for at the identical moment the herald was about to blow another blast, he shot an arrow through his heart. and transfixed him to the spot.

"If all the rest run," said he, coolly, "there is no chance of that fellow quitting his *post!* Nailed, by St. Grimbald! There is no succor for him, poor fellow! May all the rest of the wounded find *leeches* in the moat."

This exploit was the signal of assault, and a shower of arrows fell upon the castle.

"Let the porcupine shoot his quills at the boar!" said Grummel, "he is only throwing away his means of defence. Hand me that pebble," continued he pointing to a stone of half a hundred weight. It was soon raised, and hurled by one of their warlike machines into the thickest of their foes. "That has made an impression," cried he; "it is quite a smasher; there's half a dozen at least *stone* dead; another little one," said he, "we shan't miss that, though it should miss them. Besides, it will be as well, as they have challenged us, to show them we have a *second.*"

While Grummel was thus ably executing his part, the Blue Knight (for so was Sir Wilhelm called, from the favorite color of his armor and appurtenances) directed his little force with equal skill, dexterity, and advantage. The engagement now began to assume a more serious appearance; the enemy began to fill the moat, in order to proceed to the *escalade.* The little garrison was now concentrated. The boiling pitch and water were supplied by two of the vassals, and the besieging party had no sooner succeeded in raising a scaling ladder, and began to mount, than they were saluted by a cataract-like discharge of scalding water.

"'Tis but a fair return," said Grummel, "as they keep us in suspense that we should keep them in hot water! Down with it my comrades, till they're done in their armor like lobsters in their shells! Another pebble! What, no more! Then up with the flags from the court-yard, and break their ladder—they're the only *flags* we'll lower to them."

These new missiles were speedily provided, and did great execution; the ladder was dashed to fragments, and numbers of the assailants were precipitated headlong into the moat. The Blue Knight was unwearied in his exertions, and encouraged his little force by his daring example.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Grummel; "we have *wetted* the enemy's courage, and sharpened our own."

The discomfitted leader now retreated, and rallied together his "remnant."

"By George!" exclaimed the 'Squire, "they are forming for a fresh assault. We have so far lost nothing; and yet in the language of the lawyers, they may be said to have gained the 'action,' for they have already got considerable 'damages.'"

"And see yonder," cried the warder, extending his right arm, "there comes my liege lord. I recognise his banner. What a happy diversion!"

"Very diverting, indeed!" replied Grummel; "mark how the scamps are making ready to scamper. The bow-men are all like cross-bows, prepared for a *bolt!*"

The Baron Ulric von Altenberg now gallopped to the scene of action with all his band. The besiegers were in an instant scattered over the plain, like a flight of affrighted sparrows in a corn-field, when some adventurous Cockney boldly takes the field to—waste his powder.

"Wheugh!" whistled the 'Squire, "that fellow hath truly brought his pigs to a fine market. While the Baron is pickling the lot, let us descend and clear away the *litter* he has left."

The Warder lowered the drawbridge, and the Blue Knight sallied forth with the "garrison" to pick up the wounded which they had so dexterously picked off. The moat was so full that Grummel declared it was more like a folk-moat than anything else. When they had got in the "living," which the 'Squire declared was no "sinecure," the gentle Elvina, as was the wont of those days, humanely busied herself in dressing their wounds.

They then proceeded to draw the moat, and fished up many a *pike!*

The trumpets of the victorious Baron now sounded merrily, and they all rushed out to greet him. Ulric and the Blue Knight embraced with true chivalric ardor, and when the Baron learned from the blushing Elvina the extent of his obligation to Sir Wilhelm, the expressions of his gratitude were unbounded.

CHAP. III.—A REMARK.

"Fool that I was to leave my castle alone," said the Baron.

"And wise would the enemy have been if they had done so," said Grummel.

CHAP. IV.—A CLOUDY PROSPECT.

"I'm *bound* to serve you," said the Missal to the Monk as he *clasped* it—and so said the bold Baron Altenberg when he encountered the Blue Knight on the morning following the affray. Grummel, like an independent man, was serving himself; for chine, chickens, and flowing flaggons graced the Baronial board in the most tempting profusion.

"Left *wing* forward!" exclaimed the 'Squire, dismembering a pullet; "right wing advance! chine support right wing! Fall in!" and at the word of command he commenced a vigorous assault. He then proceeded to demolish the "breast-work," as he termed it, and finally completed his gastronomico-military evolutions, by ordering the "left leg first," when the "right" followed as a matter of course!

Meanwhile the Blue Knight was doing the agreeable to the old Baron, and insidiously insinuating that he was a *single* man; and plainly demonstrated that he was an eligible match for any young lady who (in the advertising phrase) "Wanted a *partner* who could *command,*" &c. &c. The Baron was confused, and not knowing exactly what to reply, he endeavored to divert the attack by simply looking under the table, and ingeniously calling "Puss! puss!"

"What does he mean?" said the Blue Knight, looking *bluer.*

"He smells a rat to be sure," whispered the acute Grummel.

CHAP. V.—COUNSEL.

When they retired, Grummel addressed his master in these words:—

"I can tell which way the wind blows, your Worship, as well as a weather-cock. It's my mind the Baron wishes to deprive *us* of the Lady Elvina."

"*Us?*" repeated Sir Wilhelm.

"To be sure, when she's your wife will she not be my mistress?" replied Grummel. "Now I'm resolved on the match, for thereby you'll get a better half, and I better quarters. Two things no less agreeable than essential to our happiness."

"What's to be done?"

"Why, the whole garrison are in favor of the alliance; therefore, pop the question—demand her hand—and if the old boy holds out——"

"What then?"

"Why, then, filially kick him out! and take possession of the castle we have fairly won by force of arms."

"You forget he is Elvina's sire."

"Will she not get a more agreeable *sigher*—in the shape of a lover? But, lo! here comes the comely dame herself—I'll vanish."

And the sagacious 'Squire walked off, leaving the lovers to their own sweet discourse.

CHAP. VI.—A SUDDEN DECISION.

Although the Blue Knight and Elvina were elegantly *slender* in their personal proportions, the Baron declared in abrupt and vulgar phrase that "they were too *thick.*"

"Honored father," said Elvina, "it is impossible to conceal from your parental eyes that I entertain an affection for Sir Wilhelm—and I know that he returns it."

"So much the better!" replied the Baron, "for it would be dishonorable in him to keep your affections, when he knows he cannot keep you."

"You mistake me, father," continued Elvina. "He has declared himself my suitor, and I have sworn——"

"Sworn!" exclaimed the Baron. "A young lady of your rank has no right to swear. It is indelicate."

"But he swore first."

"Then, i' faith, you two sworn shall be foresworn," said the Baron. "Remember you are my daughter, and I am positive——"

"And I'm positive I'm your daughter," replied Elvina, "from the same feeling; for I have formed an unalterable resolution to become his!"

I saw him when he recovered [illegible] in 1856 fight with [illegible]

The Baron looked at the gentle damsel for a moment as in surprise, and then suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Give me a buss," cried he, affectionately; "You are my own child—a chip of the old block!"

The affair was of course decided—the old Baron admired his daughter's firmness—the Blue Knight loved her for her tenderness; and the gordian knot of matrimony was soon after tied in the chapel of the castle of Altenberg. Beauty presented her hand to Valor as the palm of victory; and Grummel had the felicity of being at the marriage-feast celebrated in honor of the nuptials of Elvina and the Blue Knight.

English Sporting Intelligence.

STATE OF THE ODDS, Feb. 26.

Monday.—A very full room and plenty of business, interrupted, however, for a few minutes, by the unwarrantable intrusion of a rascally sneak, and a policeman, who had been put on the "wrong scent," and narrowly escaped being kicked out. Brother to Bay Middleton and Jereed were backed for two or three hundred each at 8 to 1, but made no advance. Fifty pounds were laid upon the Phantasima colt, "on commission," but it was obvious that the disposition to back him, so strong a fortnight since, had considerably abated. Wintonian, Mango, and Dardanelles were backed at 20 to 1 each, but, like the cracks, did not rise. Troilus, Mahometan, and Caravan, were severally at 25 to 1, the odds being taken to 50*l*. each about the two first, and to 200*l*. about Caravan. Troilus has strong recommendations, his sire having won the Derby and his dam the Oaks; he is spoken of by many as a very smart colt, while others express a doubt whether there is enough of him for the Derby Course. Clifton and Flare-up declined, and Defender, without any positive falling off, looked as if he could not long maintain his position. A small sum was laid out upon Brother to Elis at 32 to 1, on Norgrove at 40 to 1, and 1000 to 10 taken four or five times, about each of three new outsiders from John Day's stable, viz.: Mr. Wreford's Victoria colt, Mr. Rawlinson's Chadlington, and Mr. J. Day's Mustee. Chadlington ran Defender to a head at Stockbridge last year, but he has since undergone an operation which Mr. Malthus would no doubt recommend to many of the biped creation. Vacuna was backed for 50*l*. for the Oaks, and from the numerous inquiries after the odds, is sure to become a prominent favorite. Nothing done about either Elis or Venison, but eight fifties taken about Hock (and offers to go on), the same about Birdlime, and 800 to 100 about Locomotive; a small sum was also laid out upon Lucifer.

Thursday.—The betting not so brisk, but scarcely behind Monday's in importance. Jereed obtained a clear lead of Lord Jersey's nag, an offer being made in one quarter to take 8 to 1 about the first, and in others to bet it against the latter. Wintonian and Mango backed at the same price as on Monday, and 23 fifties taken about Caravan; these odds were afterwards offered against him, and the same against Mahometan, the backers of each holding out for 25 to 1. Troilus remained as before. Cartoon was backed for 50*l*., and Rococo (Sir Mark Wood's Cetus colt) for £100. A new favorite made his debut in Lord Chesterfield's Capulet, purchased, when a yearling, of George Walker, Esq.; he was backed at 2000 to 25, 2000 to 30, and lastly, at 2000 to 40, the taker of the last bet offering to take 6 to 5 that he beats Sambo. There were no other changes worth notice.

MONDAY.			THURSDAY.	
——	——	Lord Jersey's lot	6 to 1	——
8 to 1	——	Bro. to Bay Middleton.	8 to 1	——
8 to 1	——	Jereed	7½ to 1	——
13 to 1	——	Phantasima	11 to 1	(taken)
20 to 1	(taken)	Wintonian	20 to 1	(taken)
20 to 1	(taken)	Mango	20 to 1	(taken)
20 to 1	——	Defender	25 to 1	——
20 to 1	(taken)	Dardanelles	20 to 1	——
25 to 1	(taken)	Troilus	25 to 1	——
25 to 1	(taken)	Caravan	23 to 1	——
25 to 1	(taken)	Mahometan	23 to 1	——
30 to 1	(taken)	Clifton	——	——
30 to 1	——	Flare-up	——	——
30 to 1	——	Glider	——	——
——	——	Cartoon	30 to 1	——
32 to 1	(taken)	Brother to Elis	30 to 1	(taken)
40 to 1	(taken)	Norgrove	——	——
——	——	Mickle Tell	50 to 1	——
——	——	Capulet	50 to 1	——
50 to 1	(taken)	Rococo	40 to 1	(taken)
——	——	Slight	60 to 1	——
100 to 1	(taken)	Mustee	——	——
100 to 1	(taken)	Victoria	——	——
100 to 1	(taken)	Chadlington	——	——
1500 to 25	(taken)	Rat Trap	——	——
——	——	Troilus & Dardanelles.	1200 to 100	(taken)
——	——	Caravan & Cartoon	1300 to 100	(taken)
500 even	——	Jereed and Troilus agst. Bay Mid. and Caravan.		
1100 to 200	——	Jereed & Defender	——	——
——	——	Ld. Jersey's two agst. Jereed & Capulet, 500 even.		
		THE OAKS.		
9 to 1	[taken]	Vacuna	——	——
		PORTLAND HANDICAP.		
8 to 1	[taken]	Hock	offers to take 8 to 1	
8 to 1	[taken]	Birdlime	8 to 1	[taken]
8 to 1	[taken]	Locomotive	——	——
15 to 1	[taken]	Lucifer	——	——

Betting in the Country.

CHESTER TRADES' CUP, P.P., ACCEPT OR NOT.

7 to 2 agst	Chasse	15 to 1 agst	Black Diamond
7 to 1 ——	Sylvan	15 to 1 ——	Stockport
12 to 1 ——	Tanworth	16 to 1 ——	Hampton
12 to 1 ——	Traveller	20 to 1 ——	Any other.
14 to 1 ——	Bubastes		

Bell's Life in London.

Walking Match of Forty Miles between Fuller and Burn.

The match between Robert Fuller and Ralph Burn, to walk 40 miles, for 25*l*. a side, which has excited so much interest and speculation in the sporting circles for some weeks past, came off on Thursday (Feb. 9th), on a mile piece of ground, commencing within 100 yards of the Wandsworth road, and leading by the side of the palings of Earl Spencer's park, towards Wimbledon. At the last deposit for the match, the toss for choice of ground was won by Burn, and he selected the above-named mile, which was duly measured on Wednesday.—The path on which they had to walk was one of sound bottom, and thoroughly divested of shingles and stones, but at about the half-mile it had an ugly bend, and at this point was down and up hill for nearly 200 yards.

From the time of drawing up the articles for the match to the termination of the contest, perhaps no similar undertaking excited more interest, and the speculation on the result exceeded in amount anything of the kind that has taken place for some years. Both are young men, and amateurs in pedestrianism, and the merits of either but little known. Fuller is a thin but well made young man, standing 5 feet 9¼ inches, weighing 9st. 13lb., and will be 23 years of age in June next. He is the son of a respectable retired tradesman, and is, we believe, an engraver by trade. His first and only public performance previous to this match was with Turner, whom he beat in a six mile walk by about 40 yards, doing the distance in 54 minutes and some few seconds, on which occasion he was brought out by the celebrated Townsend, who has ever since kept his eye on Fuller, whom he calls his pupil. Burn is only 19 years of age, is at least two inches shorter than Fuller, and is also his inferior in weight, but his frame is well proportioned, and rather muscular for a youth. He is a bootmaker, and his father is well known in that line of business. This was his first appearance in a match, but he had inspired much confidence in his friends by walking to Doncaster races and back to London, as well as by his taking "a turn" for some 20 or 30 miles with men engaged in pedestrian contests, and the stamina which he had evinced on these occasions. He walked to Doncaster, which is 164 miles, in three days, performing on the first day 61, and the second 42, and on the third 61 miles. On his return to London he also took only three days to complete the distance, walking 61 miles the first day, 51 the second, and 52 the third. Such feats determined his friends to bring him prominently before the public, and hence the match with Fuller. His backers, however, wished the distance to be much greater, but as it was not known what Fuller could do in a long match, the friends of the latter would not consent to make the present one for more than forty miles.

Shortly after the signing of articles, both men went into training, and for about a fortnight previous to the day fixed for the contest, the young aspirants for pedestrian fame went short distances out of town, Burn taking up his quarters at Mr. Gregory's, the King's Head, Merton, and Fuller at Mr. D'Almaine's the Mitre, Lower Trotting, where they received every possible attention both from their backers and the proprietors of the above-named houses. At one time Burn was attacked with the prevailing epidemic, and his illness was of so serious a nature, that the forfeit of the money then deposited appeared inevitable; but in a week or ten days, by great care, he was quite convalescent, and resuming his training with increased vigor, his friends thought there was "nothing like leather," and at the last deposit they visited Spring's, and "put on the steam" with such increased power as to cause the friends of Fuller to keep in their wake for some time. At length, however, the latter party showed a bold front and an additional couple of hundreds were speculated on the result of the match.

It having been stipulated that the start should take place at eight precisely, the heroes of the day were brought to Wimbledon at an early hour from their respective training quarters. Three marquees were erected on the line of ground, for the accommodation of the numerous visiters, and two umpires and a referee having been appointed, the young gents took their stations at the Wimbledon end to start for

THE MATCH.—The appearance of the men at the scratch attracted general attention. Both looked well, and in excellent condition, and each, in his way, was a fit model for an artist. Burn's countenance was thin and pale, but there was a kind of determination in it which, combined with his thick-set frame, sturdily-formed legs, and flat feet, made it at once appear that a steady and lasting pace was his principal forte. Fuller, on the other hand, is remarkably good-looking, and health was pictured on his smiling countenance, which, with his beautiful symmetry, his points so cleanly developed, and the elasticity of his frame, excited no small degree of admiration. He was dressed in flannel drawers and elastic ditto shirt, and thin leather laced-up boots. His colors were crimson, and he wore a handkerchief of that color round his waist, and another round his head. Burn was similarly attired, with a chocolate handerchief round his head, and a blue bird's-eye encircling his waist. Both carried short sticks, and after they had betted a sovereign with each other on the result, Spring told them to be good boys, and mind what they were about, and then informed them that they might go about their work, as it was then precisely eight o'clock.—They accordingly took "the office," and went away at a steady pace, but Fuller soon "pulled a foot," and took the head, during the first mile in 9 minutes 20 seconds, and the first two miles in 19 minutes, heading his opponent 1 minute 7 seconds. Fuller continued to gain an advantage every mile, and ultimately won by rather more than two miles, as will be seen by the following correct list of the time, which we took at the completion of every two miles:

	Fuller.	Burn.
First two miles	19m. 0s. past 8	20m. 7s. past 8
Second ditto	38m. 15s. past 8	40m. 30s. past 8
Third ditto	57m. 44s. past 8	0m. 40s. past 9
Fourth ditto	17m. 10s. past 9	21m. 6s. past 9
Fifth ditto	36m. 46s. past 9	41m. 50s. past 9
Sixth ditto	56m. 47s. past 9	3m. 5s. past 10
Seventh ditto	17m. 0s. past 10	25m. 4s. past 10
Eighth ditto	37m. 40s. past 10	47m. 40s. past 10
Ninth ditto	58m. 26s. past 10	10m. 28s. past 11
Tenth ditto	19m. 53s. past 11	33m. 21s. past 11
Eleventh ditto	41m. 35s. past 11	56m. 5s. past 11
Twelfth ditto	3m. 11s. past 12	18m. 32s. past 12
Thirteenth ditto	24m. 45s. past 12	41m. 24s. past 12
Fourteenth ditto	47m. 6s. past 12	4m. 46s. past 1
Fifteenth ditto	9m. 0s. past 1	27m. 43s. past 1
Sixteenth ditto	31m. 50s. past 1	50m. 55s. past 1
Seventeenth ditto	53m. 20s. past 1	14m. 10s. past 2
Eighteenth ditto	15m. 24s. past 2	36m. 26½. past 2
Nineteenth ditto	36m. 26s. past 2	1m. 36s. past 3
Twentieth ditto	1m. 0s. past 3	26m. 10s. past 3
Forty miles	7h. 1m. 5s.	7h. 26m. 10s.

From the above it will be seen that Fuller, at the end of the first ten miles, was 5 minutes and 4 seconds in advance, and he completed the 18 miles in 2 hours 58 minutes and 26 seconds, thus winning numerous bets of the first 18 miles being done in three hours. Burn was now 12 minutes 2 seconds in the rear.—Fuller appeared as fresh as when he began, and continued at his work in admirable style, still gaining on Burn. In coming up for the finish of the 38th mile he came alongside of his antagonist, and succeeded in completing it half a second before Burn had finished his 36th, thus beating him two miles. For the next two miles they kept nearly together, and Fuller terminated his task about 30 or 40 yards ahead of Burn, who had now the ground to go over again to complete his 40 miles, which he accomplished in 25 minutes 5 seconds after his more fortunate opponent.

Occasionally, in the course of the match, the men took some jelly and other refreshments, but neither of them entered a booth for that purpose. Fuller, at the conclusion, was loudly cheered, and was immediately conveyed in a gig to the Dog and Fox, Wimbledon. He did not appear at all distressed, and was full of spirits at the victory he had gained. He was subsequently conveyed to Mr. D'Almaine's, at Toothing, and afterwards to Tom Spring's, at both of which places he was congratulated by hosts of friends.

Burn completed the 40 miles like a trump, and at the conclusion, if we may judge from his appearance, could have gone another ten miles without breaking down. On finishing his work, he said to those around him, "Gentlemen, I have done my best and could do no more." He was taken to Mr. Gregory's, at Merton, evidently cut up at his defeat, but being assured by his backers that they were perfectly satisfied he had done all that nature would allow him to do, his spirits revived, and he joined them at dinner. It has since been intimated to us, that Burn's backers and friends intend giving him a silver tankard, to prove to him that they fully appreciate the exertions he made to win, and the game he displayed for one so young in the art, throughout the match.

Burn is a good and extremely fair walker, but he brings his foot down too heavily and flatly, which must not only shake the frame, but tend to distress him.—Fuller is an equally fair walker, but he combines with it elegance and speed rarely to be met with.

As the day advanced the spectators became more numerous, and long before the conclusion of the match, the road was crowded to excess. Among the company were many well-mounted Corinthians, and the assemblage of first-class sporting characters was perhaps never greater on any similar occasion. The day's proceedings were so well conducted as to give universal satisfaction.

The stakes will be given up at Springs', on Wednesday evening, when both men will be present.

In some conversation we have had with Fuller since the match, he informs us that he was seized with the cramp in the legs and thighs four or five times during the match, and began to fear he should be obliged to halt. This he attributes to meeting the cold wind in his turns; but he felt that if he stopped the cramp might get worse, and therefore manfully persevered. He may be fairly considered as the champion of British walkers, and can be backed against any man in the world to go the same distance. The speed displayed by both men is altogether unprecedented. In his trial Fuller did the distance in very little more than the seven hours; but Burn never did it in less time than on Thursday. In closing our account of this manly undertaking, alike creditable to both competitors, we cannot help alluding to a base and malicious squib circulated by some paltry enemy of Burn's father, and meant to mortify him on his son's defeat, although it is well known he had nothing to do with making the match. It arose solely from the lad's personal ambition, which a gentleman well known on the turf generously determined to gratify; and we should be glad to see similar healthful contests encouraged among our aristocratic circles.

Bell's Life in London, Feb. 12.

THE FOX HUNTER'S ALPHABET.

A was Aurora, a fine hunting morn;
B was the bugle,—more commonly horn;
C cover-hack, brought round to my door;
D for our dogs, twenty couple or more.

E is the envy each jealous hound feels,
F being the find, when away Reynard steals;
G gone away—over hill and o'er dale;
H is my horse, gaily cocking his tail.

I myself was in luck, sir, and got a good start;
J jostling and jumping, we go like a dart;
K "keep, keep them forrard—keep forrard those hounds,"
L Billy L———, well known by such sounds.

M is the music we hear from the hill;
N a young Nimrod, just at a sad spill;
O dear, sir, I trust you're not hurt by your fall!
P push him and prick him—don't pull at the wall.

Q is the question, "what road is he taking?"
R Reynard, the fox, who with fear is now shaking;
S is the stale at this most timely check;
T Tally ho! and now ride for your neck!

U is the useful but finishing cast;
V is the varmint that's game to the last;
W "Who-whoop!" such death-telling cries;
X 'xpiration, and 'xit;—he dies!

Y is the young one that can't go the pace;
Z is our zest for the joys of the chase;
And may that sulky churl meet with store of hard knocks
Who to hinder our sport sets a trap for the fox.

Now here's to the health of all masters of packs;
And here's to "to them 'ere" that supply us with hacks;
And to all who love hunting wherever they be,
Here's a bumper of claret, and cheers three times three!

Burlington Hotel, Jan. 9th.—London (New) Sport. Mag. for Feb. 1837.

Sale of Game in Scotland.—The "Dumfries and Galway Courier" states, that on Thursday week four tons of game of various descriptions, and poultry, were shipped on board the Nightsdale steamer for Liverpool.—"This (says the Editor) is amazing, and were we not aware of the accumulative principle by means of which tiny rills constitute rivers, we would be slow in giving credence to a statement so startling. The game came from all quarters, and some of it a distance of more than fifty miles."

Lord Jersey's Cobweb (dam of Bay Middleton, &c.) produced a remarkably fine colt by *Glencoe*, in the early part of January.

GREAT MATCH FROM LONDON TO HEREFORD.

A match, which excited considerable interest and speculation among the lovers of speed in that noble animal, the horse, came off on Wednesday. Mr. Burke, a gentleman residing at Oxford, undertook to run his blood mare, *Creeping Polly*, and his silver-tailed cob *Paddy*, against the Mazeppa fast coach from London to Hereford, a distance of about 138 miles. Two distinct matches were made, and it was agreed that both should come off on the same day. The odds of 3 to 2 were laid against the mare, and we believe 2 to 1 against the horse. A gentleman named Hardley, and several persons residing at Lambeth, backed the coach; and at a meeting of the parties on Tuesday night, at Mr. Okey's, the Hero of Waterloo, in Waterloo bridge Road, several hundreds of pounds were placed in the stakeholder's hands, to await the result of the trial. Numerous bets it would also appear were made by Mr. Burke, at Oxford, Hereford, &c., so that at least a thousand pounds were speculated altogether on the undertaking. The terms of the matches were to this effect—"that neither Mr. Burke, nor any other person he might appoint, did drive, ride, or lead the horses above named, from the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet-street, London, to the Swan Inn, or Royal Hotel, Hereford, sooner than the Mazeppa coach travelled the same distance—the horses to go the same line of road as the coach."

Of course the Mazeppa was filled inside and out by its backers and their friends, and at a quarter past six o'clock on Wednesday morning the coach left the Bolt-in-Tun yard, and proceeded on its route to Hereford, followed by Mr. Burke on his mare, leading Paddy and Creeping Polly. The cob, *Paddy*, looked somewhat lame, but considering the short time his owner had to get him into proper condition, the animal in other respects appeared remarkably well. The little mare *Polly*, was in famous condition. On leaving the streets of the metropolis, the horses did the 15 miles to Uxbridge in one hour and ten mines, where Mr. Burke, who always has an eye to business, stopped, and after selling some corn, and transacting other affairs, proceeded on his journey, the coach now having the start. The nags, however, soon overhauled the Mazeppa, and got into Wycombe four minutes in advance. From thence they again took the lead, but on stopping at Postcombe the coach overtook them, and at Petsworth was a full mile before them. About one mile the Oxford side of Milton Common Paddy and his companion Polly again went a-head of the coach, and kept the lead to Oxford, leaving the Mazeppa full five minutes in their rear. The coach had the start from Oxford, but on reaching Witney, the little ones were 300 yards in advance. At Burford the nags and the Mazeppa were on more friendly terms, and they left that place together. They, however, did not long keep each other company, for the spirited Hibernian (Mr. Burke) and his gallant steeds made rapid progress to Gloucester, where they arrived 20 minutes before the coach, which, it was said, lost that time in the distance. Hitherto the various relays of horses for Mr. Burke to ride, were brought out with precision; but at Gloster the Postmasters had let, or said they had let, all their horses, and the son of Erin was thus placed in a situation of peculiar hardship. It was very naturally asked, whether the postmasters had not sported their *tin* against the horses, and threw this impediment in the way of the owner to thwart his views? Mr. Burke had now no alternative—delay became every minute more dangerous, and mounting one of the match horses, he started off, leading the other towards Hereford, which he reached, after alternately riding his nags, full three minutes before the Mazeppa coach. The distance, as we have above stated, is about 138 miles, and it was accomplished by the winning party in *fifteen hours, forty-six minutes, forty-six seconds.*

The horses were not much distressed, and no doubt that had Mr. Burke made better preparations on the road, the feat would have been done with greater ease; but so careless did he seem to be, that he did not know the precise route the Mazeppa coach had to take in going out of London, and that precise route he was obliged to follow, added to which when he arrived at the Bolt and Tun, the mare he rode himself was actually found to want a shoe, a loss which had then to be supplied. The Dragsmen are much mortified at being thus beaten, and throw great blame on "the Whip" between Witney and Gloucester, for losing twenty minutes of his usual time. It is said the coach can again be backed against the horses for 200*l*., but we think it would be unfair to put on more "steam" than the usual "time bill" would justify.

Bell's Life in London, Feb. 26.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Extraordinary Course.—As the Hon. John Stuart was lately out coursing, a hare, being hard pressed, made for the bridge of Frew, whereon she met a "wee-bit lassie," and instantly went over the parapet into the River Forth, which separates Perthshire from Stirlingshire, falling (as since measured) upwards of thirty feet. Her pursuers, Driver and Flirt, quickly followed, and they were all three carried by the force of the stream (then unusually high) under one of the arches. So much pluck, however, did these dogs possess, that, nothing daunted with their jump, nor with the cool reception they encountered below, they continued the pursuit of poor puss in the water, and following her to the land, succeeded in killing her a quarter of a mile from the river, greatly to the astonishment of those who witnessed it, and much to the satisfaction of James Taylor, a faithful retainer of long standing in the family of the Earl of Moray, and who has been for several years past in the habit of training for Mr. Stuart. Fortunately, neither of the dogs (out of this Gentleman's celebrated bitch Needle, by Daring, a dog belonging to Major Hamilton Dundas) sustained any material injury, though it must be admitted they had a very *harebreadth* escape indeed!

A curious circumstance likewise occurred to Mr. Stuart while fishing last season in the River Teith. A salmon was hooked, which, after a few minute's play, carried away the fly and part of the casting line. Some weeks after, while angling near the same spot, Mr. S. caught a salmon of 18lb. weight, and was agreeably surprised on finding the identical hook which he had lost, with the line attached to it, firmly fastened in the *tail-fin*; the fish, on refusing the fly in the first instance, having, in turning, been caught in that manner.

The writer can vouch for the truth of these anecdotes, having heard them related by Mr. Stuart himself.

London Sport. Mag.

Trotting Match for Five Hundred Guineas.—Yesterday an extraordinary great trotting match for 500 guineas came off on Sunbury Common, by a celebrated trotting mare, the property of Mr. Dixon (who, it will be recollected, had a few days past his valuable trotting mare, worth 600 guineas, poisoned in the stable). The distance was 120 miles, to be done in 10 successive hours, which she accomplished with great difficulty, being dreadfully fatigued. Bets, which were to a very considerable amount were against the performance. [The above appeared in the *Globe* of Friday last. We are requested by Mr. Dixon to state, that *so* far as he is concerned, it is an entire fabrication. No horse belonging to that gentleman performed any match on Friday, and the only one he had in contemplation with his late favorite Nonpareil, was one with the American horse, which had it taken place, would have been 1,000 to 500. Mr. D. has offered 100 guineas reward for the wretch who poisoned the Nonpareil, but he has not yet been discovered.]

Sunday Times, Feb. 26.

Removal of Race-horses.—The following horses, the property of George Osbaldeston, Esq., arrived at Mr. Crummack's, the Windmill Inn, York, on Wednesday morning, from Ebberston, on their way to Leatherhead, where they will remain until Epsom Races. Mahometan, brother to Mussulman, is a splendid and racing-like colt, and if report speaks correctly, he is as good as he looks; in fact, we never witnessed a string of heroes that looked in better condition:—

Whitefoot, by Young Blacklock, out of Kitten, 6 yrs. old.
Mahometan, brother to Mussulman, by Muley (in the Derby).
Pocket Hercules, by St. Nicholas, out of Fickle (in the Derby).
Mic Mac, by Tramp, out of Octavia (in the Derby).
Ebberston Lass, sister to Ebberston, by Velocipede (in the Oaks).

The Jockey Club recently established at Paris, in the Rue Grange Bateliere, is just now threatened with a dissolution, owing to the invasion of political discord. An applicant for admission having been black-balled, the members of the Royalist party, to which he belongs, have determined to retaliate by black-balling every other applicant.

At a meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, on the 13th of Dec., the following office-bearers were appointed for the ensuing year, viz.—The Marquis of Lothian, Preses; Sir John Hope, Bart., Treasurer; John Dalyell, Esq., the Earl of Eglinton, and the Marquis of Douglas, Councillors. The annual race meeting was fixed to be held at Edinburgh, and a sum of £560 voted to be given in plates, &c.

The Earl of Wilton sustains a splendid establishment at Melton Mowbray, where his Lordship and the family constantly reside during the hunting season, sustaining hospitality suited to his splendid fortune. The dinners given by Lord Wilton to his companions of the hunt, at Melton, are remarkable for their splendor.

The Cow and her Tail.—The following paragraph, which originally appeared in an Exeter paper, was in general circulation about six weeks ago, having been copied into almost every newspaper in the kingdom, generally with a brief heading, such as: "*Miraculous Escape*," "*Strange if True*," "*Effects of the late Storm*," &c.—"During the storm of Tuesday week (29th November), as a man at Mount Radford was driving home a cow, holding the tail of the animal in his hand, a tree fell across it, completely severing the tail from the body, and leaving it in the man's hand. Both man and cow were unhurt." A correspondent, who resides at Exeter, has favored us with the following particulars concerning this singular instance of insensibility in the cow, and of good luck on the part of the driver. "The story about a cow's tail being blown off with a man at the end of it, in the high wind of 29th November last, is, to a certain extent, true. The man had seized hold of the tail to prevent himself being blown away; and a tree happening to fall between him and the cow, when the tail was in a state of extreme tension, it broke off, and the hanger-on was thrown to some distance, still holding the detached portion in his hand.—The man was certainly *not hurt*, but I am inclined to think the cow *was*. The writer of the paragraph in our paper had somewhat unreasonably concluded that "the cow was *unhurt*," merely because she made no complaint. That she has since been re-tailed, I can vouch for, from my own observation, for I saw the rump *cured*. Salt and hard rubbing were the means employed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1837.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

The "olden time" compared with the present—Eclipse and Flying Childers with the "cracks" of the present day—Improvement in Blook Stock co-equal with the advancement of literature, science, and mechanics—Running Heats in England—Superiority of American Four mile Horses—English Horned Cattle—Stud Farms—Breeding—Treatment of Mares and their Foals—Suggestions to American Breeders, &c.

Paris, February, 1837.

Mr. W. T. Porter, Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

Nothing is more common than to hear authors speculate upon the effeminacy of the times, and institute disparaging comparisons between the present age and our predecessors'.

This has been a very common topic of discussion among theorists and mere bookmen for the last 2000 years, and the degeneracy of the times and of the rising generation was then as strongly contrasted with the superior wisdom, and virtue, and prowess of their ancestors, as at the present day. This school of authors then deplored the Solomons and Daniels in wisdom, and the Sampsons and Hercules', in physical strength, and confidently predicted as a necessary consequence of their hypothesis, the progressive weakness and degeneracy of succeeding posterity, until mankind should dwindle to a race of miserable pigmies. Although we have abundant evidence to the contrary, and it is perfectly manifest to our senses, that the human family is rapidly increasing in number, in personal comfort, and longevity, and that the improvements in the arts and sciences, in every branch calculated to refine and elevate man in the scale of existence, are regularly progressing, yet the world is continually annoyed by croakers, with injurious comparisons of cotemporaries with the ancients. Now, there is nothing more palpable to my mind than that the ancients were but barbarians in comparison to the present age: more knowledge may be acquired in five years now than could then in fifty, and greater discoveries and improvements are making every five years now-a-days than were then effected in five centuries. Indeed, the reality which we are every day witnessing, would appear to the ancients as fabulous as the reputed exploits of Sampson and Hercules appear to us.

But I am prosing. I have been led into this train of thought from opinions which we occasionally hear advanced of the inferiority of the present stock of blood horses. In proof of this opinion, you often hear it said, that some fifty years ago, the sportsman was on horseback at the dawn, and would frequently follow the hounds until night over a country 40, 50, or 60 miles in extent; whereas now, hunters assemble at their leisure, perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock, and after an hour or two's riding come up with their fox in some 15, 20, or 30 miles from cover. Now, from this illustration I would draw precisely the opposite conclusion, and would ascribe the shortness of the chase to the superiority and improved condition both of horses and hounds to those of former times, for it is not probable that foxes could go any faster, or hold out longer, *then* than at the present day. Hence I would infer, that the pursuit is more speedy, and maintained more stoutly than formerly, accomplishing, in fact, in an hour or two what then occupied the whole day.

So also with Turf performances. We are told thepresent stock never attempt four mile heats under heavy weights, that we see no Eclipses, Herods, or Highflyers, that challenged all competitors, and were *never beaten*. True it is that you rarely see four mile heats in England, and no horse remains on the turf long without sustaining defeat. Still these facts afford no evidence of inferiority. Eclipse, Herod, and Highflyer, were unquestionably vastly superior, in every respect, to their oriental progenitors; but superior as they confessedly were to all their cotemporaries, I have not the least doubt, if they could show at Newmarket at the present day, in their primest form and condition, with all the pride of victory upon their crest, and with Flying Childers himself to make running for them, they would be beaten with the greatest ease even by the 2d rate horses, at all distances, and under all weights.

Running heats have in a great measure gone out of fashion in England, and the richest prizes for horses above 3 years old are handicap races, where each is to carry weight, not according to age, size, &c., (for it is not uncommon to see a 4 year old give 20 lbs. to an aged horse,) but in reference to his previous success, thus equalising the chances of all, and oftentimes enabling an inferior horse to beat a superior. Were the prizes offered for 4 mile heats of sufficient magnitude, there would be no want of competitors; but where a horse can have eight engagements of one mile each, on different days, it is much more advantageous than to risk all upon one hard contest of 8 miles, perhaps 12, or 16, which, under heavy weights, would effectually take all the run out of him, and disable him from appearing again for weeks, and possibly ruin him entirely.

The extraordinary ability of American horses to run 4 mile heats, and come again, week after week, perhaps against fresh fields every time, is undoubted evidence of their great superiority, though carrying weight for age; but I have often thought it would be more for the interest of the owner, and afford more amusement to the public, and, in short, give a greater impulse to the sport, to divide these long bruising races into a number of shorter ones, of various lengths and weights. But this again is a digression.

I commenced with the view of examining briefly the question of improvement or deterioration of the present racing stock in England. No one denies that Eclipse and Herod, and most of their cotemporaries, were eminently superior, in every sense, to the Arabians, from which they were lineally descended. This superiority was gradually attained by a systematic course of breeding, judicious crosses, good keep, and healthy discipline, steadily persevered in for a great length of time. The same means have since been employed, and with increased spirit and energy, both in breeding for the chase and the turf—these having emphatically become national sports. Nothing contributes so much to an Englishman's enjoyment as his horses; he hunts all winter, and races all summer; he feels a corresponding sympathy both for his horse and his dog. And they are most sumptuously accommodated, and every want necessary to their well being, their health, and usefulness, is supplied with a profuse liberality. The result is a decided improvement in their form, increase in size, and physical powers.

The same system has been productive of similar results in other animals: Horned Cattle, for instance, and the evidence of the fact, being governed by the standard of weight, is more accurately ascertained, though perhaps not more conclusive. I have not at hand any means of making the comparison between the beef breed of the present day and that 50 or 100 years ago; but I know from observation, that the present stock vastly exceed in their size and proportions all that I could have imagined from the pictures and descriptions given of them. In riding by the side of a drove of fat bullocks, going to the London markets, they appear like a solid floating mass, with backs literally as broad and flat as tables; many of the 3 year olds weighing from 300 to 400 lbs. per quarter, fed almost exclusively upon grass and roots. The London market consuming some 50 millions of dollars annually in butcher's meat, the business of supplying it with this article has become an object of increased attention, and active competition; hence the all but marvellous improvement in the breed of beasts for the shambles.

At Hampton Court, as also at most gentlemens' and noblemens' breeding establishments, mares and foals are abundantly provided with the best food, pure water, and ample protection against the inclemency of the weather, all accessible at pleasure; so that they are not dependent upon the artificial regulations of the groom as to hours, but when hungry or thirsty can immediately satisfy their natural wants with the most nutritious and wholesome articles; they also enjoy the privilege of locomotion—can move about the grounds at their own free will, can stand in a dry paved court, or upon a soft pasture, or repose upon a well littered bed of clean straw in the shade, at pleasure, thus regulating all their actions by the promptings of nature. The heaviest and best oats are provided and prepared in the most attractive manner, to induce the foals to feed freely upon them in preference to grass. As soon as weaned, they have a collar (headstall) put on for the convenience of holding and handling them, and from that time they receive increased attention to their food, are more carefully groomed and made familiar with the discipline of the stable. Some three or four colts or fillies only are kept in one paddock, which has a railing all around inside of the fence, four to six feet from it, so as to prevent their smelling to whatever may be in the adjoining paddocks. In short, every thing is done to promote their growth and comfort, to insure their health, and to render them docile and tractable, and attached to their attendants.

Can any practical breeder doubt that such a system is calculated to improve the stock, to increase their size, insure their soundness, prevent their contracting vicious habits or incipient causes of disease? We will not stop to argue such questions, but will venture the opinion, that many a fine colt, at this critical period, when so separated from his dam, his company, and accustomed sustenance, becoming restive and discontented in his new situation, contracts vicious habits and lays the foundation of some organic derangement, which by degrees becomes an incurable disease, all for the want of that regular attention and those appliances which administer to his natural wants and render him at ease under the change. Who will pretend to say what secretions are obstructed, or what organic derangements are caused in the animal economy of horse flesh in the incipient stages of formation, growth and development, by improper or innutritious food—by a scanty supply one day and a surfeit the next—by requiring the young one, just deprived of his dam, to accommodate his wants to the restrictions and regulations of his groom, oftentimes harsh and severe in his treatment, as well as ignorant, and still oftener negligent of his duty? The evils of mismanagement at that period may not *at first* be apparent, or if the colt should not thrive as he ought, the failure is as often ascribed to the wrong cause as the right. But if the *system* is a good one, and there is no hereditary disease to counteract, the foals *will* improve in nine cases out of ten, and continue to improve from generation to generation, with proper regard to new and judicious crosses.

The practice of breeding from certain fashionable strains, for the avowed object of obtaining something fit to show in the Two and Three year old races, is producing an objectionable affinity of blood, unfavorable to continued improvement, and it ought to be reformed. Changes of soil and climate and culture, are productive of good effects in the vegetable kingdom, and the like changes, with the help of remote and distinct crosses, are eminently calculated to produce the same results in animals. Unless removed from a mild and genial climate to a cold and ungenial one, the change promotes the health and increases the vigor of all animals. Hence, if for no other cause, preference should be given in the South to a stallion reared in a higher latitude, over one every way his equal of indigenous growth.

It is a favorite doctrine with many American writers on the blood horse, that the native stock, which are lineally descended from the same Oriental progenitors are, in every respect, equal to the English, and they emphatically and triumphantly demand—"why should it be otherwise?" as though the naked circumstance of purity of blood (which I am sorry to say is too often unauthenticated) is all that is requisite to insure equality. But the reader who has had the patience to follow the course of my reflections on the subject of breeding, will see at least a plausible reason for the greater improvement of the English stock in the superiority of the system, and the care and attention and expense attending the carrying out of that system, through the whole course of rearing and educating the progeny. There is no doubt that many of the very best of the present highly improved stock have crossed the Atlantic, and there is no less doubt that with proper treatment the produce will rival the English, and at much reduced cost, as the requisite means are so much more abundant and cheap, and the country presents so much greater variety of soil, climate and productions; but without increased attention to the subject of breeding, and a uniform and persevering adherence to a judicious course of treatment in all its aspects, from the selection of the stud to bringing the young 'uns to the starting post, we shall continue to be behind the English and will continue to be dependent upon them for an occasional fresh supply. We must not be content with the superiority of the immediate offspring of an imported sire and dam, but must employ the most efficient means to render the descendants still better and better from generation to generation. Any one who believes with me that these results have been effected in England during the last 300 years, and that the improvements are still progressing, will readily assent to the necessity of doing something more than merely obtaining a few specimens of the best stallions and mares, and suffering the progeny to grow up as they may.

And now, while it occurs to me, let me inquire the cause of the comparative inferiority of the native stock, the further they are removed from their imported ancestors: when have we seen any thing in America comparable with Sir Archie? His sire and dam, you know, were both imported—they were of pure blood and good form, but neither of them *very* distinguished on the turf. Sir Archie himself was pronounced, when first foaled, "worth a Jew's eye," and great expectations were formed of him, in which his breeders were happily not disappointed: being considered of great value, no doubt every necessary attention was bestowed upon him to insure his health and growth. The unqualified thanks of the country are due to his breeder for the inestimable benefits conferred on the blood stock through Sir Archie. Independent of our irregularities and want of system, we have doubtless spun the Archie stock too fine, breeding in-and-in, until almost every native racer of the day has more or less of his blood in their veins, which, however good it may have been originally, is now to be avoided on account of affinity. These two causes, viz.: want of system in breeding and affinity of blood, will sufficiently account for the deterioration of the native stock, and show the necessity of further importations by which to propagate a distinct and improved race.

The more this subject is examined, the more it increases in interest. My remarks are but desultory observations, and require both arrangement and amplification; but I hope they will not be entirely lost upon your readers, and if health and leisure permit, I may trouble you with a continuation of them. If I thought they would advance the cause of the blood horse and improve his condition in America, I should feel myself amply compensated for any personal inconvenience or expense in obtaining useful information for your sporting pages.

Yours, &c. B.

NATIVE AND IMPORTED HORSES.

Virginia, March, 1837.

Mr. Editor—Looking over your List of Stallions, I was struck with the fact that *Bertrand* and *Pacific*, own brothers, remain at the old stands which they have occupied for perhaps some ten or dozen years. This fact is as complimentary to the horses as it is to the intelligence and judgment of their patrons. They are of the good old sort. Their blood is of the purest and best kind, and their stock, Bertrand's particularly, show great honesty and stoutness. It is true, I believe, that many of Bertrand's get are small and ungainly in form, and but ordinary in any respect; but some of them are very fine, and he now and then turns out "a clipper." In this respect he resembles one or two of the most famous English stallions of the present day.

Coronet, recently imported, is advertised to cover at Pottiesville, Louisa Co., Virginia, at $60 and $100, at the stable of James C Dickinson.

Flexible, goes, I learn, to Orange County, in the same State.

I lately met with the following paragraph in the New Sporting Magazine, in a short account of Lord Chesterfield, the late owner of *Priam* and *Zinganee*.

"He stands however, before us more in the dress of a turfite than a fox-hunter, and our artist, whoever he is, must have been a bold man, to make so bold a drawing of another, with so large a whip in his hand, and so stout an arm to use it. But his Lordship is a kind, good-hearted man as ever lived, and the only fault we have to find with him, is, that he is far too good for the rogues he has to deal with. His first appearance on the turf, as the owner of race horses, seems to have been in 1826, when he made his debut by winning the Witherley Stakes, at the Anson Hunt Meeting, on the Lichfield Course, with a cock-tail, called *Raven*, ridden by Mr. White; since when we find the following good, bad, and indifferent nags figuring off under his colors—red jacket, with blue sleeves:—Jerry, Teasdale, Heathen, Negro, Zinganee (winner of the Cup at Ascot, in 1829), Carthusian, Splendour, Sarcenet, Rufus, Massaroni, Titania, Olga, Squirrel, Kittums, Non-Compos, Weeper, Dirce, Whiskey, Uncle Bob, Blanche of Devon, Elvaston, Brother to Nepus, Golden Egg, Felix, Amphitrite, Theban, Fanny Grey, Tourist, La Bayadere, and the immortal Priam, winner of the Riddlesworth, the Column Stakes, the Derby, the 100 sovs. sweepstakes at Ascot, the walker over for the Gascoigne, and receiver of no end of forfeits in 1830; the winner of the Port, the vanquisher of Lucetta, the winner of the Goodwood Cup, the receiver of another filled with guineas at Heaton-park, and vanquisher of Augustus, after giving him 16 lbs., in 1831; the winner of the King's Plate in the First Spring Meeting, of the Eclipse Foot at Ascot, and the Cup at Goodwood in 1832; a horse, in fact, the possession of which is sufficient to confer immortality on any man that ever lived."

One of the magazines, speaking of Priam's last race for the Goodwood Cup, in 1832, says the odds averaged as follows: 6 to 4 agst. Priam; 5 to 1 agst. Camarine, &c. Camarine, however, paid and did not start. She is considered the best mare of the present century, that is from the time of Violante to that of Queen of Trumps; and the great odds in the betting show the high character of Priam. As Priam was perhaps training off, (and in fact this was his last race), I had supposed that on a comparison of Camarine and himself, the odds would have been much less than I find them.

The Doncaster St. Leger Course was shortened in 1826, 61 yards; but 4lb. on the colts and 3lb. on the fillies were added to the weight, so that probably the race could be run in about the same average time, before and since the change.—The average time is said to be 3:23—distance 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, colts carrying 118lb., fillies 115lb. I think, however, it has been nearer 3:26 for the last 15 or 18 years. Touchstone did it in 3:15. The Queen of Trumps, as well as I remember, in 3:20.[*] Very quick work for these young ones with such weights. There is some prospect of a match between Touchstone and Queen of Trumps. If they come right to the post there would be immense betting.—They both have been very successful; Queen of Trumps being beaten only once, I think, and then by accident; and Touchstone not often, and on those occasions, by such as might well contend for victory with the proudest names—General Chasse, Queen Bess a daughter of Chateau Margaux, and perhaps one or two more. Touchstone has been on the turf four years, and Queen of Trumps three years.

As for the St. Leger distance, it should be remembered, that though 61 yards were taken off in 1826, yet 3 or 4 lbs. were added, at that time, to the weight.

Yours respectfully, D. Q.

---

[*] We have seen it stated in some English Sporting work, that the time of the *Queen of Trumps* was 3:17, though the several Americans, who timed the race, gave it as 3:20.—In 1818, *Reveller* ran it in 3:15. The time has seldom if ever exceeded 3:28; which is at the rate of 1:49 per mile, or 3:38 for two miles. The Queen of Trumps with 115 lbs. on her back, ran at the rate of 3:34 for two miles.—*Editor Sp. of the Times.*

VISIT TO PRIAM BY A TENNESSEE BREEDER.

Nut Bush, (N. C.,) March 17, 1837.

Sir,—In passing, "I drew Priam's curtain," not "at dead of night," but in mid-day. I could wish that you might as plainly see in my description of this majestic animal his true likeness, as did the old Trojan in the countenance of his "wo-begone" and speechless messenger, that "half his Troy was burned."

I made it a point to pass by Richmond to see Priam. Understanding that he had reached his stand at the farm of Mr. Williamson, 5 miles on the turnpike, I started out—met Mr. W. by accident, coming to the city—had a presentiment it was him—inquired, and it turned out to be so, which proves that one thorough-horseman will know another, as Falstaff knew the true Prince.—Introduced myself and friend, and learned that Priam was not at home, but was detained by indisposition at the Half-Way House, between Petersburg and Richmond. Was politely invited to return with him to see *Zinganee*, &c., imported mares, &c.: thanked him, and declined, for I was bent on seeing *Priam*. Like Washington Irving, when he killed a buffalo, declared that he "would never condescend to smaller game." Returned to the city of Richmond, and in half an hour was to be seen on the bridge crossing James River, for the Half-Way House. The first thing which arrested my attention as I rode up, was an inquiry, "How is *Priam*, Robert?" (to his faithful groom.) "About as he was," was the reply. It is proper here to state, that he took violent cold on leaving the ship, where he had been confined during an unusually long passage, and is apparently laboring under great soreness, if not a slight chest founder; if to this be added the fact, that he is quite lean in flesh, it will be apparent that he is now to be seen under adverse circumstances. I approached, and while the door was unlocking, felt that painful anxiety, arising from the apprehension of disappointment—of his not realizing those expectations, which we feel on being ushered, for the first time, into the presence of the great—of those of whom we have read and heard. But the first impression was a pleasing relief from all such fearful forebodings. Priam is a rare instance of a *great name's* bearing acquaintance without losing "the enchantment which distance lends." How few great *men* there are of which this can be said!

No judge of form who saw him would wish to go to books and racing calendars to learn his superiority as a race horse. There it is before you—a plain case—written in *old English* characters, too legibly to be misunderstood. He is full 16 hands high, fair measure, without that projecting wither, peculiar to the *Archy* family, possessing the most *perfect symmetry* of parts. His presence commanding, his style and bearing strikingly grand. In loftiness and gaiety, I would say to the admirers of *Sir Charles*, that he is his superior. To a Tennesseean I would say, in *beauty* he is the *equal*, if not the superior, of your modern Quicksilver, *Sir Richard*. His whole breathing apparatus, from the nostril to the throttle, is excellent; his large yellow eye is prominent, cheerful, and brilliant; ear narrow, long, and well set; neck long, and rising with a beautiful arch at least *one story* above all competition; shoulder blades running to the top of the shoulder, and approximating the hips; his back excellent, with the ribs rounding off from the backbone, like the hoops of a basket; hips and croup good; flank low, full, and excellent; thigh long, (though not heavy,) coming well down, *extraordinarily* good at the union of the lower thigh and ham—a little narrow, or peaked, across just below the stifles when standing behind him. But *such a pair of stifles—so well under, with such a hock, hinder leg, pastern, and foot, you never saw*—because you have not seen *Priam*. No, Sir, not even *Trifle*:—Trifle herself had better keep her *tempered steel shanks to herself*. It is true that hinder pastern is small, and elastic too,—a delicate hand might span it, and the most beautiful taper of snow-white fingers might suffer in comparison with the finish of that limb.

Byron, you know, said the hand was the true test of blood. Why did he not include the eye, the ear, the mouth, the nostril? Who ever saw the thorough-bred *mare*, or *horse*, with the hog eye—sole-leather ear—African mouth, and chunk-bottle nose? Priam has none of these—nor had Julius Cæsar. His arms come out well together; he moves upon a line, and although in no condition to make an exhibition of it, I saw enough to satisfy me that he is a horse of exceeding fine action. He is a good bay, in a rich suit, with glossy mane, and tail of jet black. No white, except about his hinder feet, and one small spot on the inner right fore heel, much after the *Mark Anthony* stock.

Well, you will inquire, what is the criticism on him? You do not mean to make him *perfection?* No, Sir, not exactly.

The first inquiry which every one will make on sight of Priam, is—"Is it possible that those limbs are large enough? Is he not rather too slight and delicate for all sorts of work?" In reply I would say "there are the legs which have gone a-head of the world—you know the weights he carried—at what a pace he went—with what a stride." Well, look at his timbers: "As sound as Irish oak." Not a splint nor a puff. There is nothing to puff. The *material* and the *workmanship* are of that quality which admits of no improvement. But I admit that if either was changed, even slightly for the *worse*, "one tint the more, one ray the *less*," it would be fatal. The wild goat, or reindeer of the frozen regions, has not harder, lighter, and more highly finished feet, ankles, legs, knees and hocks, than has Priam. The tendon is so well detached, that you can trace the tongue and groove of nature running into the very centre of the joints. He makes no display of muscle anywhere, but his muscle is of the hardest and firmest order, and most admirably adjusted. In fine, I can say, "that, taking him all in all, I have never looked upon his like" before, and never may again, unless he is destined to leave a son who will

> —"Rise the Hector of the future age.
> So when triumphant from successful toils,
> Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
> Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
> And say this Chief transcends his father's fame."

This fellow I mean to rear *myself*, and to silence all dispute, I claim the name in advance, "*Hector*, b. c., got by Priam, out of ———; raised by

Yours, &c. P. of T."

Since the above was written, *Priam* has reached his stand, and commenced his season. May we not hope to hear from "*P. of T.*" again?

LOOKING UP.

"The Treasury would have looked queer, if
I'd not changed the prices," quoth Bunn;
"But although I've got rid of the *Shirreff*,
I'm pestered to death by a *Dunn*."

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The Express Mail from New Orleans having stuck two days in the mud between that city and Washington, we did not receive the report of the Jockey Club Races over the Eclipse Course, until a greater portion of our edition for last Saturday was printed. However, the original report which follows, from our special correspondent, is yet "in advance of the mail," as the New Orleans papers containing details of the races, have not yet reached this city.

In consequence of the unfavorable state of the weather and the heaviness of the track, the meeting was adjourned from Tuesday to the following Friday, the 17th ult. On the Wednesday previous, a meeting of the Club was convened at the Exchange Hotel, to appoint Officers for the ensuing year, and adopt Rules and Regulations for the government of the course. Among other resolutions that passed, was one to the effect that the number of the Members of the Club should be limited to one hundred and fifty, at an annual subscription of $100 each, for five years. The Rules adopted were those of the National Jockey Club, Washington, with slight modifications. [A list of the Officers of the Club is contained in the Spirit of the Times of the 18th Feb., page 4.] For the present meeting, the following gentlemen were appointed

OFFICERS.—*Judges for the Winning Stand*, Hon. Judge Porter, Dr. David C. Kerr, and John Slidell, Esq. *Distance Judges*, H. C. Cammack, and Cuthbert Bullitt, Esqrs. *Timers*, John F. Miller and Thos. Ewbank Leefe, Esqrs. *Stewards,* Col. Wm. Christy, John Hagan, jr., R. M. Carter, Minor Kenner, John C. Harrison, Louis De Saules, Thomas Holland, F. Herman, and Messrs. Clegg and Barker, Esqrs.

The number of stables attracted by the splendid purses was very large, including those of Col. A. L. BINGAMAN and Wm. J. MINOR, Esq. from Natchez, Miss.—THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., from Alexandria, La.—Col. OSMUN CLAIBORNE, from Vicksburg, Miss.—Dr. JAMES SMITH, from Attakapas, La.—W. R. BARROW, Esq., FRANCIS ROUTH, Esq., and Dr. IRA SMITH, from St. Francisville, La.—P. B. STARKE, Esq. from Mobile, Ala.—JAMES S. GARRISON, Esq. from Norfolk, Va.—Capt. Y. N. OLIVER, the proprietor of the course, from Washington City, and several others.

From this time a new era may be dated in the annals of the Southern Turf, which is mainly attributable to the zeal and enterprize of Capt. OLIVER. Seconded as he is by the citizens of New Orleans, the wealthy planters of Louisiana and Mississippi, and the spirited Turfmen of the neighboring States, the races over the Eclipse Course may always be looked to with confidence as affording such brilliant sport as fine horses, large purses, and a crowded attendance will always insure. The track is excellent, and, like wine, will improve by age. The Officers and Members of the Club comprise a great number of individuals eminent in society for their talents, wealth, enterprise, and high character. And what will contribute to the permanency and interest of the Eclipse Course, is the fact of its being located in the midst of a wealthy and exceedingly liberal people, inordinately fond of the sports of the turf. A love of fine horses is a pervading sentiment among all classes, and now that such great inducements are offered to breeders at home and turfmen abroad, we may safely anticipate that a new impulse will be given to the prosperity of the Turf, by enlisting in its behalf an increased amount of intelligence, enterprise and wealth.

First Spring Meeting of the New Orleans Jockey Club.

FRIDAY, March 17, 1837.—Sweepstakes for Two yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 68lbs.; subscription $500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. f. *Jane Elliott*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	1	1
Dr. Ira Smith's ch. f. by own brother to Henry, dam by Timoleon	2	2
John F. Miller's br. c. by Pacific, dam by Stockholder	dis	

Time, 1:59—2:05.

Jane Elliott was the favorite and won easily. She is a very promising filly, and was sold after the race by her owner, HUGH CARLIN, Esq., to Mr. P. B. STARKE, of Mobile, for $1200.

SAME DAY, *Second Race.*—Jockey Club Purse of $500, entrance $50, Mile heats. *Weights*, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., with a deduction of 3lbs. from mares and geldings, (being the weights of the Baltimore, Washington, and Virginia Clubs, and adopted by a majority of the Southern and Western Clubs and Associations, though several pounds less than those carried upon the Hampton Course, Ga., the South Carolina, New York, and New Jersey tracks, the two latter adopting the heaviest weights.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Angora*, by Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	1	1
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. c. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 3 yrs	5	2
George Merrick's ch. g. *John Randolph*, by Candidate, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	6	3
Thos. J. Wells' b. f. *Wings*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	2	4
James S. Garrison's ch. h. *Bremo*, by Industry, dam by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs	4	5
J. M. Smith's b. m. *Wingfoot*, by Thornton's Ratler, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs	3	6
G. Thompson's ch. c. ——, by Sir Charles, dam unknown, 3 yrs	dis	
W. R. Barrow's ch. f. *Annot Lyle*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. was entered but on the morning of the race was	dr.	

Time, 2:01—1:59. Track heavy.

This was the first race for a Jockey Club Purse ever run over the Eclipse Course. The "opening of the ball" presented one of the most brilliant and gratifying spectacles ever witnessed upon an American race course. Owing to continued rains the track was heavy, but otherwise every thing was in apple-pie order. Not less than ten thousand spectators were upon the field, comprising a large portion of the intelligence, fashion, and wealth of Louisiana and the neighboring States. The gay *Orleanois* turned out *en masse* to swell the concourse, and the lovely belles of that queenly city, radiant with beauty and delight, lent a most inspiriting and seductive influence to the manly and gallant sports of the Turf. The scene was gay and animated to a degree, and the excellent order preserved, together with the arrangements of the Stewards for the accommodation of the immense assemblage, reflected the utmost credit upon themselves and the fine Club they represented. Great numbers were prevented from attending, from the difficulty of procuring a conveyance to the course, though two trains of rail-road cars and a monstrous steamer commenced their trips early in the morning. Every horse and carriage in the city was also put in requisition, notwithstanding which, the number of applicants "*over-sized their pile.*" Many persons determined to see the race, were compelled to walk, as they did, under a burning sun, four miles and a half; no joke, by the bye, though it shows the interest the races have excited in the citizens of New Orleans. The receipts on the course are not given by our correspondent, but they may be guessed at when we state that Capt. Oliver sent into the city in the evening *Three Barrels and a half of Dollars!*

The Race.—At the appointed time, the horses made their appearance, and after promenading the picketed area for a few minutes, the bugle sounded to saddle and lead up. Angora was the favorite, the odds being as high as four to one on her against the field, and her backers won a considerable amount at that. Richard of York and Bremo were far from being in order; in fact, they have not got over their long jaunt from the "Old Dominion." Northern horses running here in March, ought to leave the North the previous June, so as to get acclimated. Wingfoot had the track, and at the tap of the drum they got off, Bremo taking the lead, followed by Angora. For the first half mile, the contest was exciting, but Angora eventually got the pole. There was also a pretty brush between Wings and Wingfoot: they were frequently locked, and both of them evinced the true blood. Richard was laying back for the second heat. The Sir Charles colt distanced.

2d heat.—After cooling down, they again made their appearance, all eager for the contest. Angora was now more than ever the favorite. After a bad start, in which Angora got at least twenty yards advantage, they got away, Wings second. This was a most exciting heat. Richard, who had been gaining the ground he had lost in the start, came up to Angora, and for a short time locked her; but the colt could not maintain his position, and fell back a few feet behind, Angora winning the race amidst the shouts of her friends. *Angora's* success here, and at the last Natchez meeting, entirely removes the unfavorable opinion caused by her defeat by *Rodolph* at Louisville. The Leviathans have now most certainly proved themselves the fleetest, and the best mile and two mile horses in the Southern country, beating everything they have contended against at these distances.

SATURDAY, March 18.—Purse $700, ent. $70, Two mile heats. Weights as before.

Wm. J. Minor's (Thos. J. Wells') ch. f. *Linnet*, by Leviathan, d. by Marshal Ney, 4 y.	1	1
P. B. Starke's b. h. *American Citizen*, by Marion, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:04—4:20. Track heavy.

Owing to the appearance of rain, the course was not quite so numerously attended as on Friday, though several thousand spectators were upon the field. From the celebrity of the contending horses, much sport was expected, but in this the public were disappointed. American Citizen rather required the attention of a veterinary surgeon than that of his rider and rubbers on the track, and Linnet was seriously amiss.

The Race.—At one o'clock they made their appearance. Linnet was the favorite at 2 to 1. They got away together, Linnet in the track, but Am. Citizen went up to her gallantly, and after a sharp brush passed. The blood of Leviathan was roused for the honer of her lineage, and to work she went; after a tremendous struggle, she shook off her competitor, and won by a length.

Second heat.—Linnet again had the track and lead, but again Am. Citizen put her up to her best pace. He locked her several times, but her superior condition saved her from the mortification of a defeat. Both were much distressed on coming in, owing to the terrible state of the track, and their manifest want of order. It is to be regretted that the health or reputation of either should have been jeopardized, as both were on this occasion.

SUNDAY, March 19.—Proprietor's Purse $1000, ent. $100, Three mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Naked Truth*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet 4 yrs.	4	2	1	1
T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Extio*, by Leviathan, out of White Feathers, by Conqueror, 4 y.	2	1	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	1	dis.*		
P. B. Starke's ch. f. *Miss Blevins*, by Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee, 3 yrs	3	dis.		

Time, 6.13—6:14—6:26—6:32. Track heavy. * Bumper dist. from his jockey's falling off.

[Sunday is a gala day in New Orleans, as in Paris: the military parade, the theatres are open, and the day is generally devoted by all classes to recreation and enjoyment. Being thus recognized by society, there was, of course, no impropriety in the Jockey Club's appointing a race to come off during that day, though the circumstance will doubtless be seized upon by individuals and communities opposed to the Sports of the Turf, to turn it to their disadvantage. As no Club in the United States has ever held a meeting on that day, it will furnish a subject of regret to many liberal and enlightened turfmen, that occasion should have been given for the reprehension of racing, and those engaged in it, on this ground. Sanctioned, however, as this case was, by the usages of society, and by the Club, which is composed of the most eminent citizens of New Orleans, and the leading men of the State, the objection to its occurrence is not so material, save upon the ground above mentioned,—namely, that advantage will be taken of it, not only to rail at the whole system of racing, but at the great number of gentlemen in different sections of the country, who are deeply interested in the subject in various points of view.]

As upon the first day, numbers were prevented from attending by a sheer want of conveyance; the day being a beautiful one, the course was, if possible, more thronged than ever. On this day, too, the lovely syrens of the South, with their beautiful complexions and surpassing forms—their sparkling eyes and sunny smiles, forsook their boudoirs and "home, sweet home," to enliven the NATIONAL PASTIME OF THEIR COUNTRY, and grace the course with their presence. Many were the costly gems that changed hands among the beauteous throng; superb bracelets and necklaces, studded with "jewels from Ophir and from Ind," were the stakes with which they backed their favorites. Nor was the immense assemblage of turfman entirely uninterested; golden eagles were mere coppers among them, and notwithstanding "the pressure," and "the tightness" of the money market in town, there was "a perfect looseness" on the betting stand.

Extio was the favorite, though the grey filly, Naked Truth, was backed to win by many of the Mississippians; the two were in tip top condition, and both have been repeated winners. Miss Blevins (or Parele Blevins,) was off her feed and feet, and consequently out of the market, though a fine filly when "right." But the horse that excited most interest, was our friend GARRISON'S *Bumper*. He had travelled all the way from the Old Dominion "to beard the Douglas in his hall"—to meet the "cracks" of the Valley of the Mississippi, and of the "race horse regions" of the South and West. He was complaining in one leg, and had evidently not recovered from the severe hardships incident to so long a journey in an inclement season. He looked, however, every inch a race horse, as he is, and his fiery eye and dilated nostril, was "a caution" to many parties inclined to be "sweet" upon their favorites. But we are keeping our readers too long from the report, and must throw aside the letters before us, and clap a martingale upon our imagination. Here comes our correspondent under whip and spur:

The Race.—Bumper had the track, Miss Blevins 2d, Extio 3d, and Naked Truth the outside. Tap goes the drum, and they are off all together—a capital start. Bumper went straight away with the lead, cutting out the work after a fashion that sent the boys bred above the Cotton country to pick up "the smallest favors" in the way of odds against him. Naked Truth made play with him for a few hundred yards, but disliking his stride, retired, upon which Extio came up and "tried it on," with no better success, though she mended the pace. Naked Truth's jockey, finding Bumper a troublesome customer, very sensibly held her together and so "bottled her up," to come again the next heat, as she did. Miss Blevins, who was laying behind, going at her ease, finding Bumper alone, concluded to run up and see what *she* could make of him. A beautiful filly as she is, it was hardly the "genteel thing" in Bumper to have taken no notice of her—but he did not, and she in turn gave him up, disgusted at the coldness of the Northern temperament. The pretty little Extio was "persuaded" once more to try the effect of her charming foot and ankle upon "the great bear," but he was proof against all her enticements, and shook her off with the rest, coming up to the winning stand alone at a tremendous pace amidst the acclamations of thousands.

The Odds of 3 to 2 on Bumper now went a-begging, though he was seized with cramps the moment he cooled, exciting the utmost sympathy and solicitude. Mr. Garrison would have withdrawn him, but that numbers of his friends had laid out large sums about him. He was rather contracted in his stride the first mile and a half of the 1st heat, but improved as he got warm, and he might do so again, thought Garrison, who at length concluded to start him, and his backers were sanguine, though anxious. Miss Blevins excepted, the other two nags having cooled off finely, came to the post in good plight for a bruising race.

Second Heat:—Extio jumped off with the lead, with the field pretty well up, except Bumper, who had hardly got the use of his legs. Things looked so bad at the end of the first mile that many thought he would be distanced.—"Twig Bumper!—how the rest leave him," says one: "They ought to give him a tow-line," says another: "What's the use—he can't run," says a third: "Adieu, Bompare; you have got what dey call de leave to stay behind," said a Frenchman. But Bumper would not stay behind; at the end of a mile and a half, sure enough, he began to increase his stride and to go more at his ease, to the no small consternation of the backers of Extio. At the end of the second mile, his jockey let him go by the head, and gave him a taste of the steel, when Richard was "himself again," as he proved by first passing Miss Blivins and then Naked Truth, as if they stood still, making up a tremendous gap in a space of time almost incredible. [The odds now set steadily in his favor, and 100 to 50 was the current price, while 100 to 25 was occasionally given]. Bumper soon came up with, and challenged Extio, whom he headed, and drew out clear in front. The shouting was now tremendous—Bumper was within the distance flag, a clear length ahead and going in hand, when most unfortunately his jockey, who was weak from recent illness, *fainted, and fell senseless from the horse*, who still continued his course, and came in ahead! As he did not bring his weight to the scales, he was of course declared distanced, and the heat was given to Extio, the second horse. Miss Blevins at the finish was "no where!"

The third and fourth heats afforded considerable interest, as from Bumper's mishap, a new field was opened for speculation. Extio was rather the favorite, particularly with the Louisianians, while the Mississippians went their death on Naked Truth. One tall Dismal Swamp Mississippian swore he had seen Naked Truth "run five hours on a stretch," at Natchez, and "never fag a hooter." He, *in* course, put up "all he knew." After a pretty severe contest "the grey mare proved the better horse," Col. BINGAMAN'S *Naked Truth* winning both heats. She was admirably jockied and managed throughout, and must have won "a pile."

Immediately upon the termination of the race, it was suggested by severa members of the Club that a subscription be opened, for the purpose of procuring a *Service of Plate*, to be presented to JAMES S. GARRISON, Esq., the owner of *Bumper*, not only as an expression of their sympathy for the unforseen accident that had occurred to his horse, but also as a token of their high consideration for himself as a spirited turfman, and of their sense of the interest he had demonstrated in the establishment of the Eclipse Course at New Orleans. The suggestion was at once adopted, and displays in bold relief the good feeling and liberality of the Club and citizens of New Orleans.

SAME DAY, *Second Race.*—Proprietor's Purse $1000, ent. $20, Mile heats. Weights as before.

Fred. L. Claiborne's gr. c. *Martin*, by John Richards, dam by Bellair, 3 yrs	1	1
John F. Miller's b. f. *Lady of the Lake*, by Henry, dam by Dare-Devil, 3 yrs	2	2
Butler Kenner's ch. h. ——, by Eclipse, dam not given, 6 yrs	dis.	
Wm. Y. Bower's ch. c. *Compromise*, by Eclipse, dam not given, 3 yrs	dis.	

Time, 2:02—2:12. Track heavy.

This race afforded considerable amusement, though the blood of old Eclipse did not show to much advantage, *Compromise* having compromised the reputation of his sire, and Mr. Kenner's entry failing to retrieve it. Martin and Lady of the Lake made play from the score in both heats, and proved themselves worthy of their high descent. Their sires were at one time in the same stable, and trained to match Eclipse, and though he was victorious on that occasion, their progeny did that for them to-day which they were then unable to do for themselves.

MONDAY, March 20.—Jockey Club Purse $2000, ent. $150, Four mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, dam by Eagle,* 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. J. Minor's (John C. Beasley's) ch. f. *Kathleen*, by Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Sir Archie, 4 yrs	3	2
James S. Garrison's ch. f. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Richmond, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 8:30—8:29. Track very heavy. * In the New Orleans "Express Mail Slips," *Alfred* is given as the sire of the dam of Fanny Wright. Which is correct?

Great anxiety was felt for the result of this race, and at an early hour the avenues leading to the course were all alive with people. The cars were unburthened at the Carrollton Hotel of myriads of interested spectators every half hour, and returned to the city to be again and again crowded with the pleasure loving Orleanois. Steamers, stages, hacks, carriages, equestrians, and locomotives known as "shanks mares," were in active requisition, and before the horses appeared on the track, the stands and field were covered with a dense mass. The attendance was as fashionable and numerous as upon the previous day, and again the Ladies' Pavillion was thronged with fair forms and lovely faces, giving a tone and animation to the enlivening scene which they gladdened with their presence. The Members' stand was crowded with distinguished turfmen and strangers from the South and West, and the Army, the Navy, the Bar, the Bench, the Legislature, the commercial, political, fashionable, sporting, and theatrical worlds, each had their representatives, the whole forming a tableau most delightful to a sportsman, and every well wisher of the Turf.

Three entries only started for the purse—the largest ever given by a Jockey Club in America—but they were crack nags. Fanny Wright was "fine as silk," and Kathleen was up to the mark "every which way;" Glorvina was not what "Old Charles," or Hope Butler, or Arthur Taylor, or Van Leer, or Sammy Laird, or Capt. Burbridge would have called "in good fix," not having recovered from the excitement and restiveness caused by her journey from Norfolk. But we must pull up and let our correspondent say his say.

The Race.—At the first attempt they got away, making play from the start to find out who was who, and determine which should cut out the work. The track was so heavy that good time could not be made, but that circumstance was little obstruction to field management or the interest of the contest. Fanny led off with a fine racing stride, and was left to make the running with Glorvina, the pretty Kathleen going in hand in the rear, careful only to save her distance-Fanny was never headed, and indeed was not extended during the heat, which she won without a struggle.

The second heat was better contested. Kathleen challenged for the lead on the first quarter, and went away at a racing pace, but the beautiful Fanny could not be caught. She was jockied in a style that caused hatsful of dollars to be showered upon the little black kill-devil that so gracefully bestrode her as she dashed up to the winning post a-head, Kathleen running a good 2d, with Glorvina well up.

Fanny Wright (our correspondent writes us) is a beautiful creature, of fine size and superb action. She was purchased by Col. BINGAMAN, one of the most distinguished turfmen of Mississippi, as he is one of the most wealthy and eminent citizens of the Southwest, of Mr. WALKER THURSTON, for $6000. We can hardly conceive of a circumstance that would cause more gratification to turfmen generally throughout the country, than Col. Bingaman's bringing his stable to the North, in which his spirited compeers in Mississippi and Louisiana would doubtless unite. If himself, with Messrs. Claiborne, Minor, Wells, Routh and others, [good men and true, and thank heaven, too numerous to enumerate], would come as far North as Washington, we might safely calculate upon the readiness of the gallant turfmen of Tennessee, Alabama, Kentucky, Carolina and Georgia to furnish their quota of good 'uns. Why will not Major SELDEN, of the time-honored Old Central at Baltimore, think of this matter, and GARRISON, of Washington? The Long Island stables would be there in all their chivalry, and New-Jersey in its strength; the Old Dominion, too, and Maryland, would be there to revive the glorious associations of the olden time. Such a meeting would be fraught with the most desirable and important consequences to the prosperity of the American Turf.

TUESDAY, March 21.—Purse $0000, the entrance money of the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Weights as before.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's s. f. *Angora*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	.	.	.
P. B. Starke's b. h. *American Citizen*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	.	.	.
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. c. *Richard of York*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	.	.	.

Time, 0:00—0:00—0:00.

The letter of our correspondent, and also the "*Slips*" from the offices of the New Orleans daily papers, informing us of the result of this race, have miscarried, though we have letters and slips two days later. They may be expected to turn up the moment the last sheet of our paper for to-day is struck off.—We'll bet long odds they are not received in town before, and it will be a miracle if they are not here in ten minutes after they can be of no public use to us. So much for luck!

WEDNESDAY, March 22.—For THE NEW ORLEANS PLATE—a splendid Silver Tea Service valued at $1000, Two mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. Osmun Claiborne's ch. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs.	2	1	1
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. h. *Monmouth*, by John Richards, out of Nettletop, 6 yrs	1	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:09—4:27. Track heavy.

Again was the course very numerously attended, the ladies forming no inconsiderable portion of the number on the stands. Antelope was the favorite 2 to 1, and it was much regretted that illness should have prevented the attendance of her spirited owner.

The Race.—Monmouth went off from the score at a tell-tale pace, the mare running in hand, to decide the issue by a brush on the last quarter. But she made it too late, the gap being so wide that she could not reach Monmouth, though he was hardly himself, having encountered "moving accidents by flood and field" since he left Capt. STOCKTON'S stable in New Jersey, last Fall. Monmouth won the heat, and the odds now veered about in his favor.

The second heat Antelope played a different game. She collared Monmouth on the 1st quarter—headed him in 200 yards, and took the track, which she kept; Monmouth, after a short struggle, "shut up," and ran only to save his distance. The 3d heat was merely a second edition of the 2d, except that the horse was so manifestly amiss, that 5 to 1 was offered on the mare, who pulled to him as she did the previous heat, winning at her ease. It is to be regretted that Capt. Oliver should have entered Monmouth when so palpably out of condition. Monmouth loses little reputation by the defeat, however, for he has run his two miles repeatedly, under heavier weights, in time that would have double distanced that made in his race on this occasion. Had he been in tip top condition, it would have been no disgrace to have been beaten by so fine a mare as Antelope; but the "Jersey Blues" will regret that the reputation of one of their crack nags has been jeopardized merely to make sport.

With the race above, concluded the First Annual Spring Meeting of the New Orleans Jockey Club—a meeting that will long be remembered for the interest it excited, the pleasurable anticipations it engenders, and the fine sport of which it was the occasion. It is with unfeigned pleasure that we remark, that no breach of good order—no disturbance—not even an accident of a serious nature occurred during the meeting calculated to mar the general animation and enjoyment. The Club was happy in its selection of officers, whose arrangements, aided by the zeal and liberality of the Proprietor, were the universal theme of praise. When gentlemen like those composing the New Orleans Jockey Club, throw the weight of their influence, and wealth, and high character into the scale in favor of Racing, such results must ever ensue, while the Sports of the Turf will acquire new advocates, and a new impetus will be given to their general adoption and prosperity.

The Stud Book.

[Communicated for the Spirit of the Times and American Stud Book.]

James Jackson's Blood Stock.

Leviathan, (imported in 1830,) bred by Mr. Painter in 1823, was got by Muley, his dam by Windle, grandam by Anvil, out of Virago, by Snap—Regulus—Sister to Black and all Black, (known in America by the name of Othello,) by Crab—Miss Slamerkin, by True Blue—Oxford Arabian—D'Arcy's black legged Royal Mare.

St. Giles, (imported in 1835,) bred by Mr. Ridsdale in 1829, was got by Tramp, his dam Ascot Lass, by Ardrossan, her dam Cramlington, out of Floyerkin, by Stride—Little England's dam by Javelin—sister to Toby, by Highflyer—her dam by Matchem—her dam by Dainty Davy, son of Mogul—Crab—Bay Bolton—Curwen Bay Barb, &c. &c.

Lap-dog, (imported in 1835,) bred by Lord Egremont in 1823, was got by Whalebone, his dam by Canopus—her dam by Young Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse—Hyæna, by Snap, Miss Belsea, by Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—dam of the Two True Blues.

Glencoe, (imported in 1836,) bred by the Earl of Jersey in 1831, was got by Sultan, his dam Trampoline, by Tramp—out of Web, by Waxy—Penelope, by Trumpator—Prunella, by Highflyer—Promise, by Snap—Julia, by Blank—Spectator's dam, by Partner—Bonny Lass, by Bay Bolton—Darley Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb mare.

Refugee, (imported in 1831,) bred by Lord Egremont in 1827, was got by Wanderer—her dam by Orville—her dam by Alexander—(dam of Selim and Rubens)—her dam by Highflyer—Alfred—Engineer—Bay Malton's dam, by Cade—Lass of the Mill, by Old Traveller—Miss Makeless, by a son of Greyhound, (out of Farewell)—her dam by Partner, out of Miss Doe's dam, by Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Desdemona's dam, by Makeless, out of Old Thornton, by Brimmer—Dicky Pierson—Burton Barb Mare.

1833. B. c. Exile, by Leviathan.
1834. B. f. Exotic, by Leviathan.
1835. Bl. f. Extant, by Leviathan.
1836. B. f. by Leviathan. [Died from a snake bite.]
1837. Barren, not put to the horse in 1836, having foaled late in the season.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Stoughton Lass, (imported in 1828,) bred by Col. Latour in 1825, was got by Blacklock—her dam Young Woodpecker Mare, (sister to Woodcock)—her dam Fractious, by Mercury—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse.

1830. Ch. c. Lauderdale, by Sir Archie.
1831. G. f. Lucetta, by Jerry.
1832. Missed to Leviathan.
1833. Ch. f. by Leviathan. [Died a few days old.]
1834. Ch. c. Lautaro, by Leviathan.
[The mare died in July of that year.]

Pickle, (imported in 1835,) bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1831, was got by Emilius, her dam Mustard, by Merlin, her dam Morel, (sister to Truffle,) by Sorcerer—her dam Hornby Lass, by Buzzard—Puzzle, by Matchem—Princess, by Herod—Julia, by Blank—Spectator's dam, by Partner—Bonny Lass, by Bay Bolton—Darley's Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb Mare.

1836. Ch. f. by Taurus, he by Phantom, or Moriesco, dam by Soothsayer.
1837. Missed to St. Giles.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Galopade, (imported into Canada in 1833,) bred by Col. King in 1828, was got by Catton—her dam Camillina, by Camillus, her dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Cannon, by Orville—Weathercock (Cannon-ball's d.)—Cora, by Matchem—her dam by Turk—Cub—Allworthy—Starling—Bloody Buttocks—Greyhound—Brocklesby Betty, got by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of Mr. Leeds' Hobby Mare, by the Lister Turk.

1835. Missed to Eclipse.
1836. G. f. by Leviathan.
1837. ——— By Leviathan.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Delight, (imported in 1835,) bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, was got by Reveller—her dam Defiance, by Rubens, her dam Little Folly, by Highland Fling—Harriet, by Volunteer—Alfred—Magnolia, by Marske—her dam by Barbraham—her dam by Sedbury—Ebony, by Childress—Old Ebony, (sister to Brown Betty,) by Basto, out of the Duke of Rutland's Massey Mare, by Mr. Massey's Black Barb.

1835. B. c. by Windcliffe. [Killed by lightning. E. Boardman's.]
1836. B. c. by St. Patrick. [E. Boardman's.]
1837. Missed to Consol.
1838. ——— Glencoe.

Pigeon, bred by Benjamin McCullock, Esq., of Rutherford Co., Tennessee, in 18—, was got by Pacolet—her dam (imported, bred by Sir F. Pool in 1801,) by Waxey—her dam Mother Shipton, by Anvil—her dam Jemima, by Satellite, out of Maria, by Herod, the dam of Waxy—her dam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor, by the Godolphin Arabian.

182- Ch. c. Waxy, by Ocupant, he by Sir Archy, out of Virginia, by Dare Devil.
182- Ch. c. Larry O'Gaff, by Occupant.
1830. Ch. f. Rushlight, by Sir Archie. [Sold to Col. Wade Hampton.]
1832. Ch. f. Waxlight, by Leviathan.
1836. Ch. f. by Leviathan.
1837. Missed to St. Giles.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Harriet, by Sir Archie, dam by Roanoke, (he by Jones's Twigg, his dam by Dare Devil, her dam by Selim, her dam by Aristotle, her dam by old Janus,)—Harriet's grandam, by Citizen, the dam of Sir Charles and Mercury, &c. &c.

1830. Ch. f. Susan Hull, by Timoleon.
[Now owned by Daniel Hoyer.]
1831. Ch. c. Go-it-Jerry, by Jerry.
1832. Dropped a dead filly by Leviathan.
1833. Br. f. Levinteen, by Leviathan. [Sold to James Kirkman.]
1834. Br. c. Longitude, by Leviathan. [Sold to Mr. Dawson, of La.]
1835. Ch. f. by Leviathan. [Died a week old.]
1836. Br. c. Latitude, by Leviathan.
1837. Missed to Lapdog.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Wax-Light, bred by James Jackson in 1832, by Leviathan, her dam Pigeon, by Pacolet, her dam by Waxy (imported), her dam Mother Shipton, by Anvil—her dam Jemima, by Satellite—out of Maria, by Herod, the dam of Waxy, &c. Stinted to Glencoe 1837.

Giantess, by Leviathan, bred by James Jackson in 1832, her dam by Sir Archie—her dam Virginia, by Dare Devil (imported), her dam Lady Bollingbroke, by Pantaloon (imported), her dam Cades, by Wormley's King Herod, a son of Fearnought, out of Braxton's Kitty Fisher; the dam of Cades was Primrose, by Dove, a son of Cade, by old Cade, by the Godolphin Arabian; the dam of Primrose was Stella, by Othello, a son of Crab; Stella's dam was Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian. Giantess stinted to Glencoe 1837.

Clink, a b. f., bred by Wm. Allen, Esq., of Malton, in 1835, (imported in 1836,) was got by Humphrey Clinker—her dam Lady Newton, by Oiseau, her grandam by Haphazard, her g. g. dam by Stamford, out of Alexina, by King Fergus, out of Lardella, by Young Marske—Cade—Beaupermont's dam, by Brother to Fearnought—Miss Windham, by Windham—Belgrade Turk—Makeless—Brimmer.

James Kirkman's Blood Stock.

Schumla, (imported in 1835,) was bred by Lord Exeter in 1827, got by Sultan, her dam Bess, by Waxy, her dam Vixen, by Pot-8-o's, out of Cypher, by Squirrel, out of Fribble's dam, by Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—True Blue's dam.

1835. Ch. f. by Aaron.
1836. Missed to Actæon.
1837. Missed to St. Giles.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Eliza, (imported in 1835,) was bred by Mr. Sadler in 1823—(she is sister to Defiance, and dam of Eleanor, by Middleton,) was got by Rubens, her dam Little Folly, by Highland Fling—Harriet, by Volunteer—Alfred—Magnolia, by Marske—her dam by Barbraham—her dam by Sedbury—Ebony, by Childers—Old Ebony, (sister to Brown Betty,) by Basto, out of the Duke of Rutland's Massey Mare, by Mr. Massey's Black Barb.

1836. Br. c. by Emilius.
1837. ——— By Leviathan.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Lady Fly, (imported in 1836,) was bred by Mr. Dilly in 1829, was got by Bustard—her dam Brown Duchess, by Orville—her dam Sagana, by Sorcerer—Woodpecker—Gohanna's dam, by Herod—Maiden, by Matchem—Squirt Mare—her dam by Mogul—Camilla, by Bay Bolton—Old Lady (Starling's dam), by Paulline's Chesnut Arabian—Rockwood—Bustler.

1837. Missed to Nonsense.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Levinteen, bred by James Jackson in 1833, was got by Leviathan, her dam Harriet, by Sir Archie—her dam by Roanoke—her dam by Citizen, the dam of Sir Charles, and Mercury, &c.

1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Sally Nailor, bred by James Jackson in 1826, was got by Bagdad (Arabian), her dam Virginia, by imported Dare Devil—her dam Lady Bollingbroke, by imported Pantaloon—her dam Cades, by Wormley's King Herod, a son of Fearnought, out of Braxton's Kitty Fisher; the dam of Cades was Primrose, by Dove, a son of Cade, by Old Cade, by the Godolphin Arabian; the dam of Primrose was Stella, by Othello, a son of Crab; Stella's dam was Sellima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

1835. Ch. f. by Leviathan.
1836. Br. f. by Leviathan.
1837. Missed to St. Giles.
1828. ——— By Glencoe.

Thomas Kirkman's Blood Stock.

Gutty, sister to Chateau Margaux, (imported in 1835,) was bred by Lord Egremont in 1824, was got by Whalebone, her dam Wasp, by Gohanna, her dam by Highflyer, out of Chanticleer's dam, by Eclipse—Rosebud, by Snap—Miss Belsea, by Regulus—Bartlet's Childress—Sister to the Two True Blues.

1837. ——— By Leviathan.
1838. ——— By Leviathan.

White Feathers, by Conqueror, (bred by Mr. Lemuel Long,) her dam by Diomed—her dam by Belle-air—her dam by Pilgrim—her dam by Valiant—her dam by Janus—her dam by Jolly Roger. The last four named horses were imported.

1831. Ch. f. Pucachee, by Marshal Ney, he by Pacolet, his dam Virginia, by Dare Devil.
1832. Ch. f. Egshoe, by Leviathan. [Sold to Wells & Carlin.]
1833. Missed to Leviathan.
1834. Ch. c. by Leviathan. [Died of distemper Fall of that year.]
1835. Ch. f. by Leviathan.
1836. Missed to Leviathan.
1837. Missed to St. Giles.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Pucachee, a sorrel mare, bred by Thomas Kirkman in 1836, was got by Marshal Ney, her dam White Feathers, by Conqueror, her dam by Diomed, her dam by Belle-air—her dam by Pilgram—her dam by Valiant—her dam by Janus—her dam by Jolly Roger.

1836. Had twins to Leviathan. [Both dead.]
1837. Missed to St. Giles.
1838. ——— By Glencoe.

Hugh Kirkman's Blood Stock.

Floresline, (imported in 1836,) by Whisker, her dam Flora, (sister to Oiseau,) by Camillus, her dam by Ruler, out of Treecreeper, by Woodpecker—her dam by Trentham, out of Cunegande, by Blank—Cullen Arabian—Patriot—Gander—Brother to Grantham—Pulleine's Ch. Arabian, Spanker, &c.

1836. B. f. by Mulatto.
1837. ——— By Plenipotentiary.
1838. ——— By Leviathan.

Ch. f., (imported in 1836,) bred by Mr. Theobald in 1834, by Mameluke, her dam Bobadilla, by Bobadil, out of Pythoness, by Sorcerer, dam Princess, by Sir Peter—Dungannon—Turf—Herod—Golden Grove, by Blank—Spinster, (the Widdrington Mare,) got by Partner, out of sister to Squirrel's dam, by Bloody Buttocks—Greyhound—Makeless—Brimmer—Place's White Turk—Dodsworth—Layton's Barb.

1837. Stinted to Glencoe.

B. m. by Tennessee Oscar, her dam by imp. Cœur de Lion—imp. Saltram. The remainder of the pedigree very good, in the hands of L. P. Cheatham, Esq., cannot be got in time for the Stud Book.

1832. Ch. c. Wacouster, by Leviathan. [Bred by F. Harding.]
1833. Put to Country Stallion.
1834. Put to Crusader.
1835 Put to Crusader.
1836. Br. c. by Leviathan. [The mare died that Summer.]

English Varieties.

PLAYFUL THOUGHTS.

All the world's a stage,
And all these men and women merely *players*.

THE LAST TRUMP.

Lord De Roos, it is thought, will not care for the past,
But will play as he did, if he can, to the last:
From his grave then hereafter he quickly will jump,
And will hail with delight, let us hope, "*the last trump*."

A "CUTTING" PARADOX.

If Lord De Roos no more should play,
E'en to his Lordship's dying day,
For his repentance what rewards?
Though he to touch a pack refuse,
The world would cry, and much abuse—
"See! how my Lord has *cut the cards!*"

NO RUBBER.

"The Mackintosh cloak
Contempt must provoke,"
Cries George Payne, "since 'tis worn by each pitiful lubber:"
A reason no doubt
We've also found out,
All the Clubs are agreed in discarding the *rubber*.

A TRIFLING PARTNER.

Says blooming Chesterfield to weeping Vane:
"When I with my good partner play, I gain
So much, that people think I slyly rifle."
Cries Francis-Anne, "A partner I have got,
But sad indeed, the world knows, is my lot:
Play as I will, I can but get a trifle."

LORDS NOT CHEATS.

The lords are famed for shuffling feats,
But still let none pronounce them cheats:
They love their rank from Royal donors
Too much, to ever *cut* the HONORS.

ALLEN'S SUIT.

Dear Thwaytes, I'd only hold your heart;
Your diamonds do not form a part
Of what I'd hold with all my rubs:
By Jasus! may I soon be laid
Deep in the churchyard by a spade,
If any good be found in *clubs*.

A DIALOGUE IN COURT.—SIR WILLIAM INGILBY.

"Compunctious visitings!" I'd none,
Although with Lord De Roos I won:
Then why, Lord Denman, look so grim?
All people know, in youthful revel,
Will Ingilby has played the devil,
Then wherefore mind to play with *him*?

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I really think it some disgrace
You with De Roos e'er took your place,
With him e'er pocketed the pelf:
You may have played the devil, still
My Lord De Roos, with all his skill,
Has played the devil—with himself.

TAKING HIS HAND.

Alexander declared
At his Lordship he stared,
Would not speak, and at whist would not e'er take his stand;
Though he'd not for pride's sake
Give of friendship the stake,
He'd have been very glad to have *taken his hand*.

GRAND MORAL.

His Lordship's friends can't say, 'od rot 'em,
He had no *honor* at the bottom;
For it was clear to every play'r,
That always was his honor there:
Yet he so often up had toss'd it,
That in the end his Lordship lost it.

Satirist.

The horse-dealers or horse-chaunters make use of a phrase which, when we consider its meaning, is highly insulting to the Bench of Bishops. When they are endeavoring to make a screw appear sound, an old horse young, and so forth, they call it "bishoping." This, we must say, is something after the conduct of the Bishops themselves.

Our friend, Sir Clod, is determined to be facetious in spite of the influenza. He drew a nice distinction on Thursday between knocking a woman down and "tumbling her over." A man being rather in liquor, and in a great hurry, came in contact with one of the fair sex in Cheapside, and the consequence was that she was laid on her back. The worthy Magistrate observed that, "if he was not sober, it might be a pure accident that he tumbled her over." It may be all very well to consider it an accident, but when women are tumbled over there is generally some design.

We recommend the conduct of Mr. Brotherton, the Member, to the notice of Miss Martineau. He has presented a petition to Parliament, praying the Legislature "to bring to condign punishment those who framed the clause in the new Poor Law Bill, authorising the separation of husband and wife." Mr. Brotherton must be a very popular man with the ladies for taking up this point; and when we consider his repeated motions to adjourn to bed at twelve o'clock, the fair sex would be certainly most ungrateful not to patronise him extensively.

CURIOUS SYMPATHIES.

We must presume that there is a sympathy among all things—even between a cow's tail and that of a halfpenny. A City article informs us that "the foreign market sympathises with the English." This is really exceedingly kind on the part of the foreign market; but there are many other curious sympathies than between the markets themselves. On reading the various City articles, we have been enabled to gather a few:—

Consols are looking up—and so fowls continue to do while engaged in the act of drinking.

Spanish is looking down—And so is the devil, or Colonel Sibthorpe, when looking over Lincoln.

In rail-road shares there is no re-action—Which is precisely the same with the political state of the country.

Exchequer bills are not affected with any unhealthy agitation—And none of the Ministers are confined by the prevailing epidemic.

The Portuguese market is very cloudy—And certainly the weather exhibits a very similar appearance.

Brandy is rather low—And it would not be difficult to find plenty of Tory spirits in the same predicament.

Portuguese continues very heavy—And his Grace the Duke of Buckingham displays no symptoms of becoming a pound lighter.

Consols for account fell rather unexpectedly—And about the same time a cab horse fell near the exchange.

Silks still remain calm—And we rejoice to say that their Majesties are *still* at Brighton.

India bonds have improved—And from the reports of the magistrates, the morals of the public have also improved.

Nothing done in the Dutch Stock—And an equal quantity done in the House of Lords.

Sauter la coupe will, after what has transpired, be termed a "*Right Honorable*," instead of a *left*-handed trick.

Lord De Roos has not left England, nor has he, we believe, any intention of doing so. His Lordship and his accusers have still, we understand, an outstanding account to settle. The last card is not out of hand, nor the final suit yet over.

Satirist.

Lord W. Paget, on his noble papa paying him a visit in his "retreat" from the troubles of this sublunary sphere, asserted very fervently that he meant to turn over a new leaf, and that in fact he was completely tired of his way of life. The hint, however, was not taken, the Marquis merely observing, that "if he was really tired, the *Bench* was the best place of *resting* himself."

"I suppose, Allen, if you espouse the grocer's 'widder,' you will keep an account of the tea expenses?" remarked D'Orsay to his friend. "Not a bit of it," replied the Irish King. "All that I mean to do in the *business* is to look after the *current* expenses."

The most costly fur worn by the nobles of Russia is prepared from the skins of the black bears' cubs. What, we wonder, will the Castlereagh *cubs* of nobility say to this? Will they not wish such a fashion *fur*-ther? The young bear is, we understand, in a state of great alarm, lest the custom should obtain in this country.

"My lady will assuredly be killed!" exclaimed the Countess de Montalembert's maid, as she entered the kitchen. "What's the matter?" inquired a dozen voices in the same breath. "The coachman and missus are at it again," cried the girl; "they have had several rounds, and I saw him fall upon her three or four times. Do go and separate them." A rush was made to the scene of combat, where the kitchen nymphs arrived just in time to hear coachee sing out, "enough." The Countess had finished him with astonishing dexterity.

Lord Palmerston, as in duty bound, consulted his Majesty on the insolent aggression of the Russians implied in "the seizure of the *Vixen*." "As to that," replied Royalty, interrupting the Foreign Secretary before he had half gone through his statement, "let the fellows do as they like, so that I get rid of her." It was some time before Palmerston could make his Majesty comprehend that a schooner, not "an illustrious personage," was alluded to.

A wife was publicly sold at Halifax the other day for the sum of twenty shillings. This indicates a rise in the article, seeing that five shillings is reckoned, we believe, a tolerable figure for wives disposed of in this manner. When Sir Andrew Barnard, who is news purveyor to his Majesty, read an account of the circumstance, the King, with a significant glance at her Majesty, observed, that "a *sovereign* was a vast deal more than any wife was worth that *he* ever knew." The Queen instantly left the room. Connubiality is not "looking up" at the Pavilion.

A New Toast in Banco Regis.—If that especial humbug, Sir JOHN CAMPBELL's humbug Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, has produced nothing else it has created some wit. A standing toast in King's Bench Prison is not a bad one, viz., "May the tree of liberty be soon planted in the Bench, and every prisoner allowed to *cut his stick*." We recommend this to Mr. RICHARDS.

At a tobacconist's shop, on Saffron-hill, there is in the window a large snuff-jar, on which is inscribed in gilt letters, "The Dan O'Connell, or real Irish Blackguard."

QUERY FROM MIKE SCALES.—Mr. Mike Scales' compliments to the Editor of the *Age*, and begs to submit the following statement and query that has arisen in consequence. He takes the paragraph from the Kent paper:—"A butcher named Back, was proceeding on foot with another man to Ashford-market, when they were overtaken by a man named Ayerst, on horseback, and they all proceeded on in company a short time, when Back challenged Ayerst to run a race to the Bricklayers' Arms, he (Back) on foot, and Ayerst to ride his own horse, first turning it half round. They accordingly started in the manner proposed, and Back took the lead for some distance, but Ayerst soon rapidly gained upon him, and finding from the speed of his horse he could not avoid a contact, cried out to Back to take care, but before he could get out of the way the shoulder of the horse struck his back and knocked him down, which killed him on the spot." B bets A that he would run against the horse—A bets B he would run the horse against him. B runs against the horse, and the horse runs agains B. Who wins?

We perceived the other day in the papers a person advertising to purchase a *Tyburn Ticket*; reference being made to a Mr. *Last*. In days of yore this would have been most appropriate; a *Tyburn ticket* generally having reference to the *last* of a man.

A most ridiculous suspicion appears to haunt the mind of certain members of a particular family in high life, that an attempt will be made at an approaching accouchement, in the event of the birth of a female child, to substitute one of the other sex, in order that the widow of a deceased Earl may control, to a certain extent, the estates of the heir during his minority. On the other hand, a suspicion equally strong is said to exist on the part of the members of the lady's family, that in the event of the lady being confined away from the residence of her own immediate relations, an attempt would be made to impose upon her a spurious child, should she give birth to a boy, with a view to secure the succession to the next brother of the deceased nobleman. The Marchioness—mother, who never approved of the match made by her late son, is said to be the most active agent in the business.

Two Bornean Chimpanzees which had been procured by a gentleman of Singapore, for the Zoological Society, in the Regent's park, unfortunately died from licking the paint of the cages in which they were confined. We trust this will operate as a caution to Chinn, not to permit his tongue to ramble in the vicinity of his *cheeks*, for as sure as he does, so sure will he be to die from the same cause which terminated the existence of his unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Some nights back, a City bill-broker attorney entered a somewhat celebrated house of play in Regent-street, and contrived to win about 1,600*l.*, with which he walked off in the direction of *Lime*-street, not a little elated at his good fortune. This *chalk* against the house in question is looked upon by the keepers as ominous of a bad season!

A gentleman about fifty years of age, advertises in the *Morning Herald*, for board and lodging in a family, and concludes his advertisement by stating that the family must consist "chiefly of females." We who are rigid moralists, implore the Vice Society to look well after this shocking old man, who seems to be nothing less than a Sultan in his amatory ideas. We hope no family of females will be seduced by the advertisement, and allow him to come and board with them. We wonder how Grandmamma, with her starched propriety, could allow anything so very innocent to appear in her columns.

London Satirist.

"Show me the ice-house, fellow," exclaimed Wombwell, to one of the domestics at Badminton. "You mean the hot-house," rejoined the man, "for animals of your breed will not live in a cold atmosphere." Chim threatened to shoot the fellow with his Manton, for his impertinence.

The *cooking apparatus* is said to be so complete at *the Junior St. James' Club*, the rival house of the great pandemonium, that those who dine there are led to taste luxury after luxury, 'till, as the presiding deity of the kitchen expressed it, "Dey eat demselves drunk, drink demselves sober, and play demselves hungry again."

"Have you seen Bulwer's *Duchess?*" asked Beaufort of D'Orsay, "No, but I have seen Jack Lyster's" was the response. His Grace's curiosity was instantaneously extinguished.

An awful event took place last week at Paisley, after the celebration of a marriage. The wedding supper, it is stated, took place at ten o'clock, and before one the bride was a corpse. What a consummation of calamity! "Poor thing! it was too much for her!" was the benevolent exclamation of our dear Duchess, on hearing of this shocking circumstance.

The report that Sir Vincent Cotton had *set-up* a new coach, is a mistake, and originated in his *up-set*-ing the old one.

Joint Stock Company.—It is said that a company, with a capital of 75,000 fr. has been formed at Paris for promoting and improving the breed of sporting dogs. We suspect that there will be a good deal of *wrangling* in the concern.

Novel Mode of Puffing.—About six months ago the Paris papers gave an account of the extraordinary conduct of a Russian Prince towards the wife of a wine merchant, on the boulevard Montmartre, and of his having been so struck with her charms, that after endeavoring to seduce her with the most brilliant promises, he endeavored to carry her off at mid-day, and was only prevented from doing so by the cries of the lady. This account excited public curiosity so much, that the shop was for some time afterwards crowded with persons from morning to night, but the Russian prince was never discovered. It turns out that the husband of the lady is an agent for the sale of champagne, and that there was no sort of foundation for the story, which had been invented with a view to puff off the establishment.

George Payne admitted in his cross-examination on the recent trial, that he had kept a hazard bank at Newmarket. Was it not a *hazardous* position to place himself in, to be compelled to answer affirmatively to so *pain*-ful a question ?

Lady Jersey being asked to sing a song, to enliven the dullness which prevailed at a late political Tory gathering, objected on the ground that she could not give it proper effect without "a *horn* accompaniment." The Earl, who knows nothing about music, but a good deal about matrimony, suddenly exclaimed, "Sha'n't I do as well, my love ?" The merriment of the Tory lords was immense, her ladyship laughing as much as any body.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock of Blood Horses are offered for sale in consequence of the death o the late owner :

1. The iron gray horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, by Imp. Barefoot, dam Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse, grandam Lady Hamlet, by Hamlet, g grandam by old Imp. Messenger, g g grandam an imported mare.
2. The iron gray mare *Maria Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, 4 years old, out of the dam of No. 1.
3. The sorrel filly *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, by Andrew, out of the dam of No. 1.
4. The bay horse, *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of the grandam of No. 1.

For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address,

[J28-3m] JESSE W SEAMAN, corner of Beekman and South-st., N. Y.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan; out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N J. [d24-6m]

ADMIRAL.

FOR SALE—The celebrated chesnut horse *Admiral*, five years old this Spring. He was sired by Imp. Barefoot; his dam Highland Mary, by American Eclipse, was out of Young Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Expedition, and is own sister to Medoc and Midas. At the Second Spring meeting in 1835, at Trenton, N. J., *Admiral* won the Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats, beating Capt. Stockton's b. f. by Lance, and Mr. Palmer's ch. f. Acacia, by Henry, in 1:53 and 1:50. At the First Spring meeting in 1836, upon the Union Course, L. I., Admiral gave way in his near fore pastern, and came in dead lame, when running a match race of 4 mile heats, for $5000 a-side, against Col. Heth's *Margaret Armistead*. Admiral won the 1st heat, but broke down in the 3d mile of the 3d heat, (11th mile), since which he has been thrown out of training. Great care has been taken of him, and he has now so much recovered his condition as to show no symptoms of lameness whatever.

For further particulars enquire (if by letter, post paid) of Mr John W. Watson, New York Tattersalls, or of the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

New York, March 30, 1837. [A1-3t.]

☞ The Turf Register will please copy and charge this office.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THOMAS PEARSALL, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp. Whip her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.

No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse ; dam Sportsmistress.

No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 4.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7:56—7:50. She was the best get of Henry.

No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc.

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.

No. 7.—Ch. c., 15½ hands high, foaled 1833, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp ; he is very promising.

No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1834, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs

No. 9.—Ch. c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.

If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meetingt at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. Sleeper, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz. :—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (he full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose ; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $200.

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $300.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chensut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $300.

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)

Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWART.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrensy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers ; 14 started ; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed ; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers ; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D. I., 8 subs ; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time ; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft ; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs ; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb ; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs ; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran ; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.*, and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

THE THOROUGH BRED IMPORTED HORSE DAGHEE

WILL stand the present season (beginning on the 20th of March and ending on the 15th of July) at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, where he will serve mares at $40 the season, to be paid when the mare is withdrawn, and $1 to the groom, in all cases. Mares will be insured at $60 each, to be paid when she is ascertained to be in foal, but the insurance to be forfeited if parted with before it is ascertained she is in foal—or if a mare insured does not regularly attend the horse, mares will be considered as put by the season, unless a written order for insurance accompany her.

Daghee is a splendid horse—his blood is very pure, and is not surpassed by that of any horse. The terms for his services (being the same with those at which he stood last season) are comparatively low, but from no considerations of inferiority to any horse on the Continent, either as to Racing Form or Blood, but from the fact that his colts are yearlings, and his reputation as a Stallion is yet to be established by their success on the Turf. Mares will be fed with grain, or pastured on the usual terms, and every attention paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability assumed for either. For a more particular description of Daghee, see American Turf Register, Vov. 5, No. 5, page 226, for 1831 ; as also the bills of the day. He is well worth an examination by those who take pleasure in seeing fine horses.

Pedigree.—DAGHEE was bred by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, at Swarthdale, in Lancashire, and foaled in 1829. He was got by Muley, the sire of Leviathan, (now in Tennessee), of Margrave, winner of the St. Leger in 1832, and many other horses of note. His dam, Fatima, bred also by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, was got by the celebrated Bay Nedjd Arabian Sheik, out of Maria, bred by the late Duke of Hamilton, at Ashton Hall, in Lancashire. The Duke of Hamilton's Maria, (see English General Stud Book, edition of 1822, vol. 2, page 186), was got by Orville, her dam, Lady Jane, also bred by the Duke of Hamilton in 1806, was got by the famous Hambletonian, her dam, Bay Javelin, (also bred by the Duke,) by Javelin, out of Young Flora, own sister to Spadille, by Highflyer—Javelin, Young Flora, (sister to Spadille,) and Spadille, were likewise bred by the Duke of Hamilton, and may with propriety be styled his family of horses. The Duke of Hamilton was "celebrated for stout blood ; he won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled." Young Flora was out of Flora, by Squirrel, her dam, Angelica, by Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—Dam of the two True Blue's. Muley (sire of Daghee) is, perhaps, the best son of Orville, and out of Sir T. Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey.

[Mh 11-4t.] EDWARD C. MAYO.

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree ; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz. : $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A PAIR OF YOUNG COCKER SPANIELS FOR SALE. Enquire at the bar of Franklin Coffee House, 86 Maiden Lane. [mh 11-3t.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4.50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh 18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

ELEGANT TIMING WATCHES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and is constantly receiving the above articles, all of which are made expressly to order, for the purpose of *marking time* very accurately ; together with a general assortment of London, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. These Watches having been closely tested, are allowed by Judges to be the best article ever introduced for the above purpose. The watches being all warranted, the money will be refunded if they should not prove satisfactory to the recommendation.

Also a general assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, and silver ware, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine at his store, No. 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip. [F18-tf.] WM. F. GRIFFEN.

* What possible inducement can there be for holding back ?—tis the last heat—each have won one—reputation, and double the amount of money, is to be gained by running for it.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama ; Duncomb's British Theatre ; Miller's Modern Acting Drama ; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837. [A1.]

IMPORTED BULLS FOR SALE.

THE above were imported last Fall in the Barque Wolga,—they are of the Durham breed, and high pedigree, and may be seen at—De Wolf, Esq.'s, Throggs Neck, near Harlaem, where price and pedigree will be furnished. [mh 18]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Splendid Club Boat MINERVA, measuring 30 feet in length, complete with cushions, carpet, and all necessary appendages, together with the house at Castle Garden. To be seen in the Saloon at that place.

For further particulars enquire of T. REED, 80 Pine-street. [A1.]

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year, at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge ; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by an examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree, gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country ! Where is the imported horse now in America, or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said ?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of 3 and 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks ; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows :—Height, 5 feet 2¼ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5¼ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard ; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon ; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare ; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tattler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium ; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day ; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822 he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) ; fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed : Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne ; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville ; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens ; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim ; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker ; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford ; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus ; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley ; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22. *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23¼. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head ! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance ; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23¼.

3:22

3:23½

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting ; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given ; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs. ; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.) ; a good race ; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. James Bathgate.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom ; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE.

ANDREW.

HAVING purchased an interest in the celebrated Stallion and Race Horse, ANDREW, he will make his season this Spring at Newmarket, within one mile of Petersburg, and will be at his stand ready to serve mares by the 15th March. Terms and particulars in a few days.

Petersburg, Feb. 22, 1837. [mh4] O. P. HARE.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
" "	Match, 4 mile heats, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 17th May.
" "	Match, 3 mile heats, $3000 aside, *Langford*, vs Sir Charles colt, May 17.
Batesville, Ark. - -	Match, mile heats, $600, *Octavia Walton* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 6th May.
" "	Match, 2 mile h., $1000 a side, *Sir William* vs. *Independence*, May 4th.
" "	Match, 1 m. $200, a-side, *Ella Wickham* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 17th May.
Belfield, Va. - -	Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
Broad Rock, Va. - -	Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th April.
Burksville, Ky. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday 9th May.
Crab Orchard, Ky -	Spring Hill Course, annual Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 1st June.
Columbus, Ga. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, Western Course, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
Columbus, Miss. - - -	Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May.
Fairfield, Va. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
Franklin, La. - - -	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*,
Florence, Ala. - - -	Match, One mile, P.P., $1000 a-side, *Sarah Bladen*, vs. b. f. by Wild Bill and Cripple, both 2 yrs. during the month of May.
Greensboro', Ala. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th April.
Hunting Park, Pa. -	Trotting Course, near Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, May 9.
Kendall Course, - -	Near Baltimore, Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 2d May.
Lynchburg, Va. - - -	Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
Macon, Ga. - - - - -	Central Course, Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
Nashville, Tenn. - -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
New York City. - -	Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
Newmarket, Va. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th April.
Newport, Ky. - - - -	Newport and Covington Asso., Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st May.
Norfolk, Va. - - - -	Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
Philadelphia, Pa. -	Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
St. Francisville La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th April.
Taylorsville, Va. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th April.
Tree Hill, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May. On the 1st day, a Match, 2 m. h., $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, vs. *Va. Timberlake*.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	First Spring meeting, Eagle Course, last Tuesday, 25th April.
Vicksburg, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
Washington City. -	National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va, the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark, at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. Noland.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Haxall's Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osman Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 25 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John Crowell's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala, at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. Tunstall.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, h. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. Davis, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for $3.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

Extract of a Letter from our New Orleans Correspondent.

At a meeting of the Club, held on the evening of the 22d March, it was unanimously *Resolved*, That two meetings of the Club should be held annually:—the Spring meeting to come off in April, and the Fall meeting in December.—And it was also *Resolved*, a Purse should be given on the Four Mile Day, of *Three Thousand Dollars*—of which $500 should be given to the second best horse in the race.

Mr. Garrison has sold out half of *Bumper* and *Glorvina* to Francis Routh, Esq., of Natchez, for $6000.

Capt. Oliver has also sold one half of *Monmouth* and *Richard of York* to Minor Kenner, Esq., for $2500.

BARFOOT, BERNER'S COMUS, CETUS, Etc.

Virginia, March 16, 1837.

Mr. Editor,—A mistake has been made by some means in your list of stallions for 1837. *Timoleon*, it is said, covers at Wythe C. H., Virginia, "Timoleon, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Saltram." The old horse himself. I suppose some mistake is made about one of his sons, for old Timoleon died early last Spring, at the commencement of his season, within a few minutes after covering a mare.

When horses are bred and run in this country, (as most of our sportsmen and breeders soon become familiar with their history, if of much note,) it would not be an easy thing to impose long on any portion of our breeders, either by claiming too much or by telling too little. The case is, however, different with imported stallions. The history of hardly any is sufficiently known before their importation. True, the fame of some have preceded them. The achievements of Priam, like those of Bonaparte, have spread his name throughout the civilized world. But the names, as well as the history, of many, is almost, or quite unknown, till they are landed on our shores. It becomes important then that correct accounts should be given of all imported horses offered as stallions. For if "like begets like," our breeders ought to know fully and exactly the capacities, qualities and character, of all the stallions, so that they can chose the best. The owners of these stallions generally choose to present their claims in their own way, and while they set forth all the prominent facts, their partiality may be excused if they lean in favor of their horses. It is, however, a right that breeders have, of calling for a full account of "the parentage, birth and education" of these strangers, and of their conduct and career at home; and if any omissions or mistakes occur by any means, in what is stated of any of these horses, they should feel grateful to the friendly hand that puts these matters right. I have been led to these reflections by looking over your list of stallions, and reading some of their advertisements. I find mistakes have occurred, some of them of importance, in the account of these horses. Taking the horses alphabetically, I will, in the first place, notice *Barefoot*.

BAREFOOT'S races are given at sufficient length, and at the end of them it is said, "The above comprise all the races of Barefoot." But this is evidently a mistake as I will show.

In 1824, Barefoot started for the Workingham Stakes at Ascot, and with a large field, ran through the course, Orion and Philip coming in first and second. This was declared a false start, and Barefoot and six others then paid.

1825—In the race for the Darlington Cup, at Wolverhampton, the statement is —"he started for the Darlington Cup, &c., 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.), beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.)' It ought to have been stated that *Euphrates won* this race, *Barefoot* running *second*.

1826—Barefoot started *five* times, two only of which are mentioned in his advertisement, to wit: one race at Manchester and one at Lancaster. Besides this he paid a compromise to Zealot, in a match at Newmarket, two miles, and started in the following races:—

Catterick, March.—Barefoot started for the Craven Stakes, 1 1-4 mile; won by Daredevil 1st, and Crowcatcher 2d; Barefoot and six others not placed. 7 to 4 agst. Barefoot.

York, August.—Fifty pounds given by the city of York, &c. Four miles.

Confederate, 5 yrs. 119lbs.	1
Elizabeth, 5 yrs. 119lbs.	2
Lottery, 6 yrs. 124lbs.	3
Barefoot, 6 yrs. 124lbs.	4

Run in 8:20.

Stockton, August.—Barefoot ran second to Canteen for the Cup, 3 miles, beating Abron, Camelina, and Cinderella.

These added to the races already given, would, I believe, embrace "all the races of Barefoot!"

BERNERS' COMUS.—I have seen no horse of that name in the English Racing Calendars. Lord Berners had a brown horse by Comus, out of Rotterdam, but never named him. Lord Berners sold him last Fall, and his purchaser advertised him under the name of Erasmus, to cover at 5 gs. and 3 gs. &c. If this is the same horse, and I have no doubt of it, there is much error in his advertisement. It is there stated that "he won 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups." This is certainly wrong. He won only one King's Plate [4 miles, beating Gambol,] and two Cups; in all, three King's Plates and Cups.

CETUS.—It is stated that Cetus was beaten by The Colonel for the Craven Stakes, and by Priam for the Derby at Epsom. Cetus was beaten for the Craven by The Colonel, Harold, and Clio, placed; for the Derby by Priam, Little Red Rover, and Mahmoud, placed. He did not run forward for the Derby, not being better than the 12th, if so good.

At Warwick, 1830, he ran second to Birmingham for the Guy Stakes, one mile. "The owner of Cetus claimed the stakes on the ground that the subscriber in whose name Birmingham was originally entered, had not paid up all his arrears of forfeits," and he detained the stake. This seems a very *constructive* beating of Birmingham.

Cetus's race for the Claret at Newmarket is omitted. St. Nicholas came in 1st, but was disqualified, on the charge of jostling or a cross, and the race given to Amphiaraus, the 2d horse.

Newmarket Second Spring meeting, the Handicap Stakes, &c.—The word *beat* should come before and not after Cetus, and it should be "Refugee beat Cetus," &c.

It is also said that "as a *race-horse*, he stands higher at Newmarket than any horse sent to the United States, with the exception of *Rowton*." Besides Priam not imported then, and Rowton, if the sporting works of that country can be believed, Chateau Margaux, Zinganee, Margrave, Glencoe, Shakspeare, and some others have, I should say, a higher racing reputation at Newmarket, than Cetus. "But comparisons are odorous," especially about stud horses; so therefore I drop the subject. Yours, &c. D. Q.

P. S. In the remarks about Barefoot, Cetus, and Berners' Comus, I by no means intend to accuse any person of doing any intentional wrong.

Washington City, March 21, 1837.

Mr. Editor,—The account in your last paper of Earl's admired portrait of General Jackson, with "his back turned upon Congress (the Capitol)," reminds me of an anecdote:—

Soon after "the old Hero" came into power, a party of pleasure sought amusement in a canal boat, that plied not an hundred miles from the Metropolis. In the main cabin hung a portrait of the Hon. Henry Clay. It was proposed to "turn his face to the wall." At this some of the party demurred. The company being regarded as particularly friendly to the then Administration, it was concluded to refer the matter to the decision of a grave gentleman of their number. He acquiesced in the will of the majority, warily assigning, as his reason, his belief, that "were the distinguished man present, *he* would turn *his* back upon the company." J.

PEDIGREES FOR THE NEW AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

Stud of Capt. T. J. Robinson, of Richmond, Kentucky:—

Membrino, b. m. foaled in 1816, by Gallatin, dam by Pegasus, grandam by Col. Sims' Wildair.

HER PRODUCE.

1823. B. m. *Betsey Lee*, by Contention.
1836. B. c. *Irad*, by Medoc.
1837. Stinted to John Richards.

BETSEY LEE'S PRODUCE.

1835. B. c. *Gontran*, by Bertrand.
1836. B. c. *Burleigh*, by Sir Archie of Transport.
1837. Stinted to Kosciusko.

Such of the foals of the two mares above mentioned, are given only, as are owned by T. J. Robinson. They may be found at length in the American Turf Register, vol. 5, page 53.

Miss Givey, ch. m. foaled in 1823, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, dam by Turpin's Florizel, grandam by the old race horse McKinney's Roan.

HER PRODUCE.

1832. B. h. *Jim Allan*, by Sir Archie of Transport.
1837. Stinted to John Richards.

This is the only colt from her belonging to her present owner.

Thierry, ch. c. foaled in 1835, by Archie of Transport, dam by Curl's Pacolet, grandam by Telemachus, g. grandam by Clodius.

John A. Scott's Blood Stock.

Pedigree of blooded stock belonging to John A. Scott, Esq., of Woodville, Mississippi.

1. *Bay mare*, foaled Spring of 1821, by Sir Archie, her dam Col. Selden's Virginia, by Imp. Daredevil—Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—King Herod—Primrose by Dove (a son of Cade)—Stella by Othello—Selima by the Godolphin Arabian. Vide Am. Turf Register, vol. 2, page 306.

HER PRODUCE.

1834. Ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan.
1835. Missed.
1836. Ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan.
1837. Stinted to Leviathan.

2. B. m. *Alice Lee*, by Sir Henry Tonson, her dam by Gordon's Driver, her grandam by Green's old Driver—Gordon's Driver by Green's Driver, out of a mare *said* to be thoroughbred—Green's Driver by Bellair,—his dam by Imp. Janus.

Her Produce.—1834. B. f. by Jefferson—Jefferson a full brother of the celebrated Betsey Ransom.

3. Ch. m. *Betsey Elliott*, foaled May, 1828, by Col. Elliott's Napoleon, her dam by Hamiltonian, her grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle.

Her Produce.—1834. Lost a colt by Jefferson. 1835. B. f. by Strabo.

4. Ch. colt by Jefferson, his dam Polly Fox, by Young Sir Archie—Marsk—Alston's Daredevil—Mark Anthony—Imp. Janus. The grandam of this colt was the dam of Col. Claiborne's Cassandra, and Geo. L. Poindexter's Woodpiler, both by Stockholder.

5. B. m. *Harriet Smith*, by Gen. Hampton's horse Candidate, her dam by Duplantier's Boaster—(he by Imp. Boaster)—old Pacolet—Butler's Rosetta by Mendoza—Imp. St. George—Ariel, out of a mare, said to be thoroughbred, brought from Port Tobacco, Md., to Fauquier County, Va., by Col. Chum, in the year 1768.

6. Br. m. *Anne Royal*, by Stockholder, out of the dam of No. 2.

7. Br. m. *Kate*, alias the Thompson filly, by old Printer.

Her Produce.—1837. B. f. by Lord Byron, he by Stockholder, out of Patty Puff, the dam of Angora.

The pedigree of the dam of No. 7 is good, but at present not in the possession of the owner, who is endeavoring to trace it out.

Winners of Cups in South Carolina, since 1816.

Gen. Wynn's b. f. Lady Lightfoot	$500 value.
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. Kosciusko	500
Gen. Wynn's ch. h. Sir William, entered by R. Singleton	500
Gen. Wynn's ch. c. Childers, entered by R. Singleton	500
B. F. Taylor's ch. f. Sally Taylor, entered by R. Singleton, "the challenge cup,"	500
Col. R Singleton's ch. c. Crusader, silver cup, over the Manchester Course	250
R. Richardson's ch. f. Fair Ellen, silver cup at Pineville, 1836	150
Col. W. Hampton's ch. f. Charlotte Russe, "the Hampton Plate," at Columbia, 1837	400

Columbia, January 9, 1837. Turf Register for March

RATS! RATS! RATS!

A PREMIUM of $15 will be paid to any person or persons who will catch and deliver 200 rats alive to the subscriber. Notice must be given a few days before the required number will be ready. [A8] JOHN BROWN, 23 Madison-st.

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual

N. B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837–38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838–39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839–40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841–42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

KENDALL COURSE, SPRING, 1837.

THE following are the entries to the Sweepstakes, to be run over this Course, Spring meeting, (2d Tuesday in May), 1837, Mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit. Closed 1st March.

1. Jas. B. Kendall names br. c. Henry A. Wise, by Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood.
2. Jacob Dixon names b. c. by Marylander, out of the dam of Experiment, by Rattler.
3. Col. W. R Johnson names b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima, (W. Livingston's).
4. Col. John Heth names ch. f. by Eclipse out of Screamer.
5. Col. F. Thompson names f. Omega, by Timoleon, dam Dazie Cropper.
6. O. P. Hare names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Cobbs.

A Sweepstakes to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring meeting, 1837, Mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; free only for nags then three years old, bred or owned in Maryland and as far South as the Rappahannock; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st May next. [mh 18–4t.] JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Washington Course, D. C., Spring meeting, 1837, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d May, and continue four days.

First Day--First Race.--Post Stake, Three mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, for 4 year olds, Spring, 1837; to close 10th April.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson
2. Col. James M. Selden
3. Capt. John Heth
4. James S. Garrison.

Second Race--A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837; five subs. and closed.

Francis Thompson enters the get of Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper.
T. R. S. Boyce enters b f by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
Gibson Mallory enters James C. Corbin's Eclipse colt.
James S. Garrison enters ch c by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White, by Sir Archie.
Geo. L. Stockett enters gr c by Medley, dam by Richmond.

Second Day—First Race—A Sweepstake race, $500 entrance, $150 forfeit, Mile heats, with colts and fillies, 3 years old, Spring, 1837; six subs. and closed.

W. J. Stratton enters bl c by Mercury, dam by Florizel.
John E. Dorsey enters b f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles.
T. R. S. Boyce names ba c by Imp. Apparition, dam by Diomed.
John Heth names gr f Gift, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.
James S. Garrison enters bl c Scipio, by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie.
Mr. Booker enters b c by Zinganee.

Second Race—Washington Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; subscription depending on the number of subs.

Third Day—First Race.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats, $20 ent

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, now open, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837, Mile heats, entrance $100, forfeit $50, confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland bred colts; to name and close 15th April; three or more to make a race.

Fourth Day—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, $30 ent.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the Post Stake at Washington City and the Sweepstakes at Maryland and District of Columbia bred colts, will. in my absence, address Mr. John Forde, Jr., Norfolk, Va., with their entries. JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter. [F11–6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

☞ The Editors of the Globe and National Intelligencer, Washington, are requested to give the above two weeks' insertion, from the 20th of Feb. and also from the 25th March untill the day of the races, twice a-week, and charge it to account of J. S. G.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE First Spring meeting will take place on Tuesday, 25th of April. The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1st. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, subscription $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March.

SUBSCRIBERS.

J. B. Kendall, W. McCoun, Samuel Laird.

2d. Post Stake for 4 year old colts and fillies; subscription $100 each, p. p. Two mile heats, $200 added by Proprietor; to close on the 1st April; four or more to make a race.

[J28] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

TROTTING HORSE "AWFUL" FOR SALE.

THE very fast trotting horse "Awful," a bay gelding, 7 years old this Spring, 16 hands high, of fine action, and immense stride, perfectly sound, and kind in harness, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Awful is a thoroughbred horse, and comes off a good stock on both sides. Awful has trotted a mile under the saddle, upon the public Trotting Course, under two minutes forty seconds. He is so well known, by his performances on the Centreville and other courses, as to render any detail of his performances unnecessary. For terms apply to ISAAC ANDERSON, Jr.,

New York, Feb. 22, 1837. [F22-tf.] No. 65 Watts-street.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance. $5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance. 2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*. . . . $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion. *ditto*. . 1 00
Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.